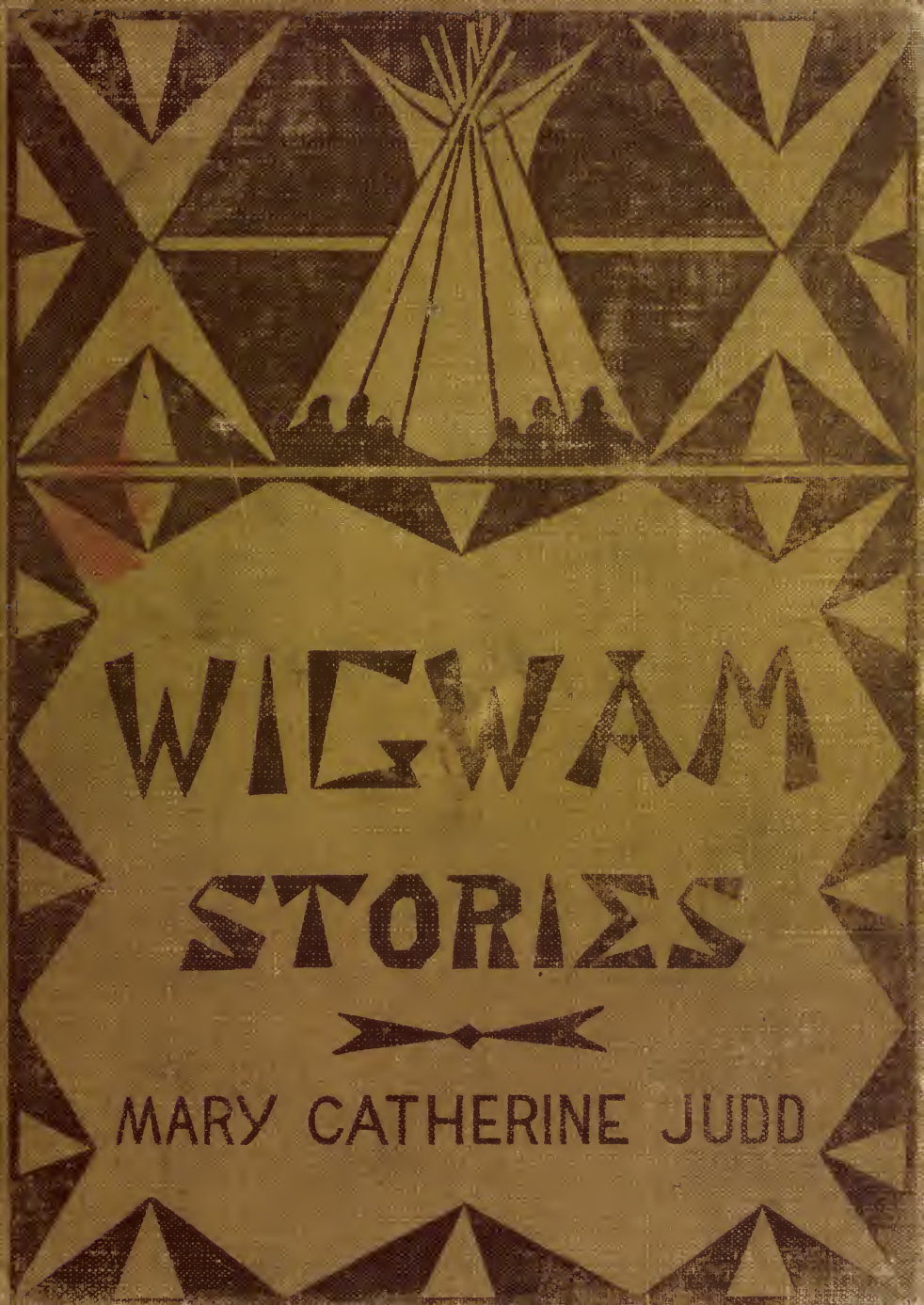
WIGWAM
STORIES
MARY CATHERINE JUDD

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SE-QUOYAH, THE INDIAN SCHOLAR

Original Painting by Angel de Cora (Hinook-mahiwi-kilinaka)

WIGWAM · STORIES

TOLD · BY · NORTH AMERICAN · INDIANS

COMPILED · BY

MARY · CATHERINE · JUDD

WITH · ILLUSTRATIONS · BY

ANGEL de CORA

(HINOOK · MAHIWI · KILINAKA)

BOSTON · U · S · A

GINN · & · COMPANY

ATHENÆUM · PRESS

1904

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PREFACE

THESE stories, told by and about the Indians, have been gathered from various sources. They show, among other interesting facts, that the love of the beautiful, and also of the humorous, dwells in the heart of the wild Indian.

There are no adaptations from Longfellow's poem of *Hiawatha*, but the compiler has gone directly to the works of Schoolcraft, whose writings were Longfellow's inspiration. Schoolcraft's *Journal* states his belief that Menabozho and Hiawatha were one and the same person, the latter name being preferred as more musical. Hence, Longfellow chose it as the name of his Indian hero.

Horatio Hale and other authorities on Iroquois history differ strongly from Schoolcraft on this point, and maintain that the name of Hiawatha, or Hey-anwatha, refers only to an Iroquois statesman or deity.

Menabozho, or The Foolish One, is very real to the Chippewa or Ojibway Indian of Minnesota. The various

names of Missaba, Mesaba, Michabo are merely English or French renderings of the same Algonquin word.

The later stories herein told, that were gathered from the Chippewas in 1895, 1896, and 1900, prove their unchanging love for the tales of this imaginary hero.

Attention is called to the very interesting pictures on pages 17, 43, 53, 55, 89, 100, 173, and 188, which are from photographs taken by George Wharton James, of Pasadena, Cal., the noted authority upon Indian life and basketry. The copyrighted pictures on pages 43 and 55 are used in this book with his special permission.

In addition to the numerous illustrations from photographs, Miss Angel de Cora, a young Indian artist of great promise, has contributed three full-page sketches, the cover design, and numerous initials and designs. The pictorial features, therefore, reproduce with unusual fidelity the atmosphere of Indian life.

MARY CATHERINE JUDD.

NOTE. In answer to inquiries the compiler desires to state that according to the census reports of 1900 there are fifteen American cities any one of which contains more inhabitants than the total number, 266,760, of our taxed and untaxed American Indians; of these nearly one half are in Indian Territory, Alaska, and Arizona.

M. C. J.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.,
January, 1904.

CONTENTS

PART I

SKETCHES OF VARIOUS TRIBES OF NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS

	PAGE
Books in the Indian Language	3
Some Things the Indians knew before White Men came	6
How the Iroquois built their Log Forts	10
Indian Records	12
Wampum Money	15
Indian Traits	20
The Indian's Eye Training	26
Medicine Men among the Indians	28
The Indian at Home	31
Meaning of Indian Totems and Names	35
Indian Names for the Months or Moons	39
Customs of Kickapoo, Seminole, and Other Tribes	44
The Indians who live in Brick Houses	47
The Moki Indians	54
Dakota or Sioux	57
Indian Games	59
Sioux and Chippewas of Minnesota	62
Chief Logan and Others	68
A Navajo Medicine Chant	70
How the Cave People found Dry Land on the Earth (Zuñi Chant)	72

PART II

TRADITIONS AND MYTHS

		PAGE
Introductory — Indian Stories		79
I.	Iagoo, the Great Story-Teller	81
II.	How Clay Dishes were first made	88
III.	Leaping Rock in the Pipestone Valley	91
IV.	The Face of the Great Manitou in the Rock	93
V.	How Two Squaws saved their Band	96
VI.	Origin of the Crane Tribe	98
VII.	Story of the First Man and Woman	101
VIII.	Giants and Fairies	103
IX.	Weenk the Sleep-Bringer	105
X.	The Little People of the Senecas	108
XI.	The Hunter who could fly	110
XII.	How the Bear lost his Tail	112
XIII.	The Blue Heron and the Wolf	115
XIV.	The Little Wolf Brother	119
XV.	The Good Bear and the Lost Boy	123
XVI.	Legend of Niagara Falls	127
XVII.	How the Indians came to know Medicine Plants	130
XVIII.	Mondahmin, who gave the Corn	133
XIX.	The Marriage of Mondahmin	136
XX.	The Prairie Dandelion	139
XXI.	The Shadow Canoe	141
XXII.	An Indian Temperance Speech	145
XXIII.	The Girl who became a Pine Tree	147
XXIV.	The White Stone Canoe	151
XXV.	The Great Bear in the Sky	155
XXVI.	The North Star	157

PAGE

XXVII. The Star that never moves 160
XXVIII. Trapping in the Happy Hunting Grounds 164
XXIX. The Old Man in the Sky 167
XXX. Where the Morning Star came from 168
XXXI. The Woman in the Moon 171
XXXII. The Seven Stars of Pleiades 174
XXXIII. The Chipmunk's Black Stripes 176
XXXIV. The Echo God and the Northern Lights 179
XXXV. Legend of Mackinaw Island 181
XXXVI. How the Water Lily came 185
XXXVII. The North Wind's Defeat 189
XXXVIII. A Rip Van Winkle 192
XXXIX. Legend of the Wampum-Bird and the Boy 200
XL. The Magic Moccasins 204
XLI. Opechee the Robin Redbreast 208
XLII. The Indian who married the Moon 211

PART III

STORIES RECENTLY TOLD OF HIAWATHA AND OTHER HEROES

Introductory — The Indians' Present Condition 217
I. Menabozho and his Three Brothers 223
II. Story of the Deluge 227
III. Menabozho caught 230
IV. How the Kingfisher got his Ring and his Ruffle . . 235
V. How the Woodchuck helped Menabozho 237
VI. Menabozho swallowed by a Large Fish 239
VII. The Thunder-Bird of the Dakotas 241

PAGE

VIII. Hiawatha the Wise 244
IX. Wampum or Indian Money 251
X. Legend of the Arbutus 253
XI. The One who loved him most 257
XII. The Marten and the White Rabbit 260
XIII. How Light, Fire, and Water first came to the World . . 264
XIV. How the Copper Mountain came to fall 266
XV. The Sun and Moon 268
XVI. Custer's Heart 270

Word List 272
Glossary 273

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
Se-quoyah, the Indian Scholar . . . . . *Frontispiece*	
Pueblo House with Kivas in Foreground	7
Pueblo Indians making Beads	17
Hogan of Navajo Blanket Weaver	23
Big Medicine Man	29
Alaskan Totem Poles	37
Mokis ready for a Sacred Dance	43
Three-Storied Pueblo Houses in Oraibi	49
Moki Maiden in Native Costume	53
Interior of Kiva with Sacred Altar	55
Chippewa Indian's Summer Wigwam	65
Interior of Zuñi House	73
The Indian Story-Teller . . . . . *Frontispiece*, Part II	78
Indian Woman making Clay Dishes	89
Alaskan Indian Women with Baskets	95
Moki Basket Weaver	100
Kiowa Papoose in its Cradle	107
Moki weaving. Clay Dishes and Tools	118
Teepee Village	126
Minnehaha Falls in Summer	143
Apache Woman with her Handiwork	150
Indian Women with Papooses	163
Pueblo Indian Pottery	173
Dance of the Moki Antelope Priests	178
Pueblo Indians watching a Sacred Dance	188
Tu-me-na. Siwash Girl	195
Apache Scout ready for War Dance	203
The Indian of To-day . . . . . *Frontispiece*, Part III	216
Indian Basket Exhibit	225
Indian Picture Writing on Stone	234
Sioux Indians and Teepee	238
Pueblo Women grinding Corn	247
Adobe Houses. Pueblo Children near Kiva	261

Part I

SKETCHES OF VARIOUS TRIBES OF NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS

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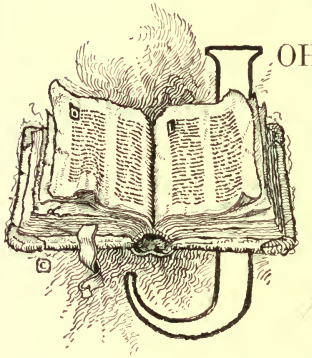
WIGWAM STORIES

BOOKS IN THE INDIAN LANGUAGE



JOHN ELIOT, of Massachusetts, published the first Indian Bible. This and other Bibles and books in the Indian languages may be seen in the larger city libraries.

The Indians had no printed languages with letters before the white man came; their painted or carved picture-writing meant much to them. Their teepees were covered with histories of the battles their owners had fought, but they had no books of "talking leaves."

Se-quoyah, a Georgia Indian half-breed, was a modern Cadmus to his people. He invented a perfect alphabet of over eighty letters for his native Cherokee language, and by his own zeal inspired his nation with a love for written words. His paper was birch bark; his ink the juices of berries and weeds.

He hated the white people, for his white father had basely deserted his mother when Se-quoyah was a helpless babe. His mother's father was a proud chief, and the grandson seems to have inherited his spirit.

Se-quoyah never learned to read or to write a word or a letter of English, and his anger was aroused when he saw one of his tribe reading a book made by the hated white people; Se-quoyah then declared he would make as good a one for the Cherokees, and he did.

He listened for sounds while his people talked. He became a silent student and lost or forgot his old warlike spirit. He sat beside his doorway and marked upon bark. His people pitied him, for he did not fight. At last he called a council; he wrote on bark and gave the writing to his little daughter, who had been taught by him to read. She read it and did as the writing commanded; the test was tried many times.

This caused great excitement; young men came in scores to learn of him; they forgot hunting and war for letter-writing. The white missionaries adopted his letters and made a Bible which was read by all these Indian students. The nation became civilized in a short time, and the first printing press sent to an Indian tribe was that sent about 1820 by the United States government to the Cherokees. The type was cast in Cherokee characters, the same that Se-quoyah had invented.

A marble bust of Se-quoyah adorns the council house in Tahlequah, the capital of Indian Territory, where this tribe was sent after gold was found on their reservation in Georgia. They knew the value of these mines, but the white man's power was stronger than theirs, and they had to leave homes and wealth for a strange new land.

Sequoia, the botanical name of the big trees of California, is the only memorial the white man has given this truly American genius.

Adapted from Smithsonian Report.

SOME THINGS THE INDIANS KNEW BEFORE WHITE MEN CAME

THE Indians made and still make excellent canoes of bark or of logs and even of skins. The birch-bark canoe is light and very swift, and white hunters are proud of their skill in its use, but the skin boat has only strength as its merit.

The Siwash Indian of Puget Sound hollows out from a single log a fine canoe with decorated prow. He makes it secretly in the dark forest, and white men have tried for years to solve the problem of its swiftness.

The bows of strong wood bent by sinew cords and the stone-headed arrows with feather tips were excellent weapons in the Indians' former methods of warfare and hunting, and a good arrowhead maker was famous throughout a nation.

Indian squaws were skillful in the making of buck-skin suits for their braves. The handsomely embroidered moccasins were and are now good specimens of

Pueblo House with Kivas in Foreground

From a Photograph

woman's work and love for beauty of coloring and design. Each tribe had its own pattern and shape, differing so much from those of other tribes that a footprint might announce an enemy in war time.

The Indians are still noted trappers, and their squaws know well how to tan and dress the skins of animals. Fish-hooks were made of bone or flint, and spear points were of the same materials, but they were very sharp and with them the Indians caught many fish.

Their roving habits as hunters gave them little time for house-building, and so their homes were simply tents made of strips of bark or, better yet, of large buffalo or deer hides, neatly sewed together for this purpose. These teepees and wigwams were easily put up or removed, and were a good shelter.

The Village Indians, or Pueblos of Arizona, still build themselves houses of adobe or unburnt brick. As the Pueblos were and are now less warlike than the roving tribes which live in tent-like houses, they have had time to invent many useful things.

The Pueblos weave excellent woolen blankets of gay stripes and a coarse cloth for wearing apparel. They make water-tight baskets and dishes of fiber, and these are often exchanged with the Tent Indians for dried meat and other food.

The Village Indians have for centuries planted and cared for maize, pumpkins, beans, and other vegetables.

LIBRARY

Turkeys are raised for food, and their feather fibers are woven into cloth. Eagles are caged and raised for their long feathers, which are held sacred.

In the ruined houses of the cliff-dwellers of Texas and Arizona fragments of cloth woven from cotton and other substances have been found. No white man taught this ancient people these arts of weaving.

Clay dishes, mortars, and pestles of stone, large sea-shells cut into shapes for holding food, stone axes, and knives show some of the skill of these early Americans.

The ornaments made of silver by the Navajo, as well as the long strings of turquoise beads, are sometimes remarkable for their beauty.

Wampum, used by so many tribes for money, was carefully made from shells by eastern Indians. It seems strange that their crude tools could have made such small beads so very well.

The knowledge of medicine in all tribes was limited to a few herbs. The rest was a kind of sorcery; but with the herbs, fresh air, and fresh water they managed to cure many ills.

The Pueblos of New Mexico are very different from the Zuñis or the Moki Pueblos of Arizona. They are now much like the white people, for they live in well-built houses, attend church, and send their children to school.

HOW THE IROQUOIS BUILT THEIR LOG FORTS

THE French explorers in the land near Lake Champlain, and in what is now central New York, found many of the Iroquois villages protected by strong, well-built log forts.

They were built in this way: The Indians first found a place where there were many tall trees; these were set on fire near their roots, and stone axes were used to rub off the coals, so they would burn faster. After the trees had fallen to the ground they were set on fire again, in places about three long steps apart. The fires burned through the logs in about half a day.

As there were no horses, the logs were drawn by the Indians, and then put into place. Earth was heaped up on both sides of the logs to keep them from falling. The forts had two gates; the one in front for general use; the one in the rear for use when getting water.

In making the fire to burn the logs, a small dry stick was quickly rubbed with a steady motion against

well-seasoned wood ; after a while it would burn. Great care was used in preserving coals of fire through the night time for the next day's use.

On the shores of the beautiful Seneca Lake, by the banks of the Mohawk and Genesee rivers, in the forests of Oneida and Cayuga, and in many other parts of this fertile region, these strongholds of a savage people stood secure.

Sometimes several acres of land were enclosed, with many homes well protected both day and night from wild animals and other foes.

Some of these rude dwellings were more than one hundred feet in length, and were made of poles bent like an arch and covered closely with many layers of elm bark. These large houses, thus protected by forts, were used by several different families, for the "long-houses" were divided into rooms by deerskins or other robes.

Fine fields of corn, squashes, and beans were planted and harvested by these fort dwellers, and they knew well how to protect themselves from intruders, for they had hundreds of stones and even huge rocks piled inside the fort ready to hurl at an enemy.

INDIAN RECORDS

THE Leni Lennape, or Delaware Indians, kept a curious record of their early history by means of sticks which were notched and painted; these sticks were about six inches long. Each painted notch indicated some great event in their nation's history. The meanings of the notches were taught by old chiefs to the younger ones, and the stories have been repeated for hundreds of years. Leni Lennape means *Men of Men* or *The People*, and these sticks have been held to prove that their nation is one of the oldest among the red men. Their chiefs were noted for their wisdom in war and peace.

A white man, who proved himself a true friend to the Leni Lennapes, gained their confidence and they told him the secrets that were kept by the painted sticks. He had it printed, but had to leave out many words, as their language is very different from English. It is an easy matter to read the history now, and, although many words are omitted, any one can understand its meaning.

This record, which the notched and painted sticks have kept for several hundreds of years, is an account of the travels of the Leni Lennape Indians from the Northwest across the Wide River. This must have been the Mississippi. They call it Namesi Sipu, the "river of fish."

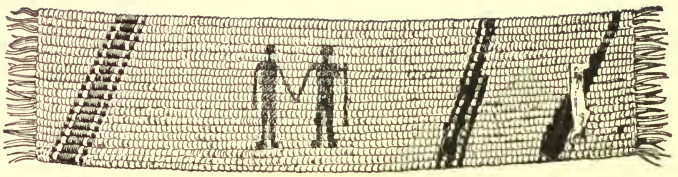
When across the Wide River, they found they had come to the country of the Great Serpent. Numerous earth mounds in the form of an immense serpent are found in the valley of the Mississippi. These are believed to have been made by a people, long ago extinct, who may have fought the Delawares.

Other Indian tribes and nations have kept long records by means of similar sticks, but the account given by this people is the longest Indian history. The last marks upon these painted sticks are said to mean: "The white men have come from the north and the south. They are peaceful; they have great things. Who are they?"

These Leni Lennapes are the Delawares, with whom the Quakers made their treaty near Philadelphia. The Iroquois had conquered these Indians, and had refused to let them go to war as a punishment for their great bravery. The Quakers found them peaceable, honest, and faithful friends, and for forty years no white person was harmed who had never broken his promise to the Leni Lennapes, or Delaware Indians.

The Aztecs, or Mexican Indians, had a serpent god, and some have said that these mounds must have been built by them. The Leni Lennape stick records tell only that the country of the Great Serpent was conquered little by little. The mounds are themselves the unsolved records of a great people. No Indian legends or histories have ever explained the meaning of these heaps of earth, which are shaped like animals or birds, and are now sometimes covered by huge trees.

The wampum belt tells its story by the pictures upon it, while the record sticks had only painted notches to help the memory of the tribe's historians.



WAMPUM MONEY

WAMPUM has been used among the Indians east of the Rocky Mountains since the whites first had dealings with them. Among the eastern Indians it was first found to be made of the white and purple parts of clam shells. These shells were carefully cut into small pieces by means of sharp-edged stone knives, and a hole was bored through the pieces, making them like little tubes.

The white and the dark-colored beads were threaded and carefully arranged into patterns when belts or other woven pieces of ornament were made. The threads were either of vegetable fiber or of deer sinews, and long strings were sometimes made of the bark of the slippery-elm tree. Dark-colored parts of the shells from which the beads were made were called black, but they were really dark shades of purple. White beads meant peace. Dark beads were woven into the belt either in square or diamond patterns or in some more irregular shape.

The wampum belt used in the treaty between William Penn and the Indians is now in the rooms of the Pennsylvania Historical Society. It was given to this society by a great-grandson of William Penn. This wampum belt was given to its first white owner as a solemn token that they would keep their pledge. History has shown how faithfully these red men kept their pledge with the Quakers.

This famous belt is an unusually wide one, having eighteen rows of wampum and nearly three thousand beads, which is proof that it was an important token. The center of the belt is of white wampum with two figures of men wrought in dark beads. The figures are pictured as clasping each other's hands. One man pictured on the belt wears a hat, while the other does not; this shows that one was a white man, the other an Indian.

This belt was kept in the Penn family and treasured with as much care as the chain and medal given to William Penn by the English Parliament; indeed, the medal and the wampum belt each served a like purpose: they were reminders of the promises of a nation.

Wampum belts of great historic value are kept by the Onondaga Indians; the finest of these is called the George Washington belt. It is believed by those who have had charge of it to be a pledge relating to a treaty between the early government of the United States and the Six Nations. Fifteen men are pictured on this belt.

PUEBLO INDIANS MAKING BEADS

From a Photograph

These may mean the original thirteen colonies and the people who were the speakers at the time of the treaty.

Such uses of belts of wampum were common among the different tribes of Indians. Smaller belts were woven for the chiefs to wear, and the women made themselves bracelets and neck chains of the beads.

It was necessary for the whites in the very early times to have this Indian money ready when they wished to purchase furs or other supplies of their wild neighbors. The beads had a certain value according to the number of strings. This value never changed.

It is told by the people who wrote back to England in those early days that the Indians could not be made to understand why they should pay more wampum for anything when it was scarce than when it was plentiful. They were used to having one price for things they wished to buy and never having the price changed. For this reason the early settlers were able to buy many valuable things at a very small price.

The chiefs of the Iroquois, while mourning a chief's death, wore strings of black wampum. Other strings of different lengths or colors meant various things to the owners and those about them. The wearing of wampum in any quantity meant wealth and position.

It is told of the famous Chief Logan that he saved a captive white by rushing through the circle of Indians

who were tormenting him, and throwing a string of wampum about the captive's neck. From that minute he belonged to Chief Logan.

Wampum has been made by machinery since 1670 and sold to the Indians. Old belts and strings of beads, so slowly made by hand, are very valuable. The white and colored glass beads now used are worth but little compared with the wampum of early days.

Arranged from Powell's Report to the Bureau of Ethnology.

INDIAN TRAITS

ALMOST unconsciously, even as our own eyes and other senses are trained to help us in city or country life, the Indians are adding to their education in the things which will make life and labor easier to them. Their reading of weather signs is very accurate, and possibly their rain-makers are simply experts in these signs.

Their method of lying in ambush in war times calls out all their hidden powers in every line. They can decoy their foe by imitating bird calls or animals; they can make themselves into stump-like figures and almost defy a close inspection.

If injured, they rarely show pain, though the torture of the broken limb or the bullet may be intense. Indian boys are taught by both parents from early childhood to bear their pain silently. It comes as a good lesson, when in manhood a groan might show an enemy where they were hidden.

Their long trails or paths over mountains, through thick forests, across treeless plains, with no compass

but the North Star, have made them watchful of every earthly means of finding their way. They will tell you that trees are greener on the south side than on the north, and that there are plants whose leaves point due north. Flocks of birds sometimes help to guide them. They seem to have almost an instinct in finding their way home.

An Indian's natural pride is as great as a king's. To him his nation is the greatest one on earth. No Indian must allow that the white is greater in numbers or strength.

A number of years ago a Mandan chief named Ietan visited the city of Washington in company with others. On his return, at the council which was called in his honor, he told of boats he had seen that were one hundred and fifty feet long; of great houses filled with white people; of great cities and long railroad trails.

The Indians will have nothing but absolute truth at these councils. They must not deceive each other. The council declared that Ietan was telling false tales to frighten the Mandans. No canoe could be built so large as he had said. No such number of white people could live in a land where there were no buffalo. Houses such as he had told about would be blown down by the great winds.

Ietan was proven to have basely deceived the council. He was condemned to death for making the

white man stronger and greater than the red man. Ietan told them he was ready and willing to suffer the penalty, but when they were older they would know that his words were not false. He was punished as the council decreed. Perhaps they are wise enough now to read the signs made by the iron trails across the Dakota prairies, and their children know that what Ietan said was true.

Indians seem to have great pity for the unfortunate few of their tribe who have lost their senses, becoming either insane or foolish. A certain professor belonging to a well-known eastern college had reason to be thankful for this trait not many years ago. He had been gathering plants and insects in one of the desolate regions in the west. He was unarmed, and knew nothing of any Indian language or of the sign language so much used west of the Mississippi.

A marauding band of Indians caught sight of him. Wheeling their ponies in his direction, they were down upon him before he had time to do anything more than gather his collection into the boxes and get upon his pony. For some reason they did not offer to hurt him; they, however, were willing to make themselves richer by whatever they could get from him. The professor did not say a word, but handed them his case of roots and plants. At this they stared open-eyed, for it contained nothing that any one could eat. His boxes of

HOGAN OF NAVAJO BLANKET WEAVER

From a Photograph

insects were next examined. Nothing of use to them was found. His pockets were searched. They were filled with bugs, flies, and flower specimens.

Looking him over from head to foot, they all seem to have reached the same conclusion at the same time; with shouts of laughter and mocking bows and grimaces, they gave him back his boxes. They had discovered by all the signs that he was a being who had not a sense left, and they would not harm him. So the learned professor was spared to return to tell the tale.

The numerous Indian nations of America are and were as different in their character and conditions as are the civilized people living in America to-day. They had their unions and their divisions of land according to nation, not according to family or person. Many nations seem to have had wise laws.

Very strangely, many of the tribes expected the coming of the white man. When the Indian has learned that village life is no disgrace, he may become even greater than the paleface with the talking leaves or printed book.

A wise old Indian was once told that white men were beginning to think they had found where the Indian came from; that the place was northern China.

"Perhaps the people of northern China came from the Indian race in America," said the Indian. It was well said. There are many proofs that the mound-

builders, the Aztec, and the Indian have made this part of the world their home for ages, when it was unknown and unthought of in the wildest dreams of seamen or of kings.

The hunting chase is the great happiness of the Indian. Now the wild buffalo is gone from the plains forever; the red deer, elk, moose, and bear hide away in the northern forests; the Indian's hope for a long future for his nation is lost. They are no longer braves but squaws, for they must plant corn and watch it. Village life is very tame compared with the wandering life when the tribes moved to some new place almost every moon.

They have an old, old prophecy among many tribes, "that the Great Manitou will some day send away the white race; the whole earth shall be given to the Indians." This prophecy is repeated in the religious dances, and the medicine men comfort their people with it when the tribes feel the injustice of the whites. It excites them to battle with the invader.

Their training has always been for revenge, but they are also trained to remember the good which has been done to them.

THE INDIAN'S EYE TRAINING

N Indian left his lodge for several days; when he came back, the dried deer meat which he had left hanging to a tree near his wigwam was gone. He did not go around asking questions of his neighbors, but just used his eyes instead of his tongue for the first hour, and his eyes told him many things.

Then he went to a wigwam near by and asked: "Did you see a little, old, white man with a short gun? Did you see him in the last two days? Did he have a small dog with a short tail?"

The neighbor Indian said: "Yes, I saw him. He and his dog were on the trail going south."

The Indian took the same trail and in a few days returned with the dog and the deer meat.

Some white men had heard the questions of the Indian before he started out, and after he came back they went to him and said: "We want to know who took your meat. How did you know it was a white man?"

"White man turns toe out; Indian put foot so, one behind the other, walk straight."

"How did you know that he was little and that he was old?"

"He put pile of stones by deer-meat tree; cannot reach, he little. He takes short steps; he old."

"How did you know that his gun was short?"

"He stick gun on ground against tree. Gun muzzle make mark little way from ground. Short gun."

"Well, how did you ever know that he had a little dog like that, with a short tail?"

"Dog sit in the sand. Watch man get meat. Dog leave mark where he sit down in sand. Indian can see with two eyes."

MEDICINE MEN AMONG THE INDIANS

NEARLY all tribes have their medicine men. These men choose this work, frequently because of some deformity which unfits them for the warpath, and they fit themselves for it, sometimes from boyhood. They have great power over all their people. They are called into the council when the tribe goes to war. They are called upon when any one is sick. They believe and teach that sickness is caused by an evil spirit. Their medicine is to contrive some way to drive out the evil spirit of sickness.

The medicine man usually works himself into a frenzy or even into a fit, and while in this state his mutterings are taken for advice and followed. The patient must then get well. If he does not, it is because the evil spirit cannot be conquered.

Many tribes believe that the soul leaves the body when the evil spirit of sickness enters. The Portage Indians of British America hold this belief. Their medicine men try to bring back the wandering soul by

BIG MEDICINE MAN

From a Photograph

many curious performances. For one thing, the sick man's friends are ordered to hang up his buckskin moccasins stuffed with soft feathery down. If the feathers become warm to the touch, they will know that the wandering soul has touched them and perhaps is hiding in them. The moccasins are quickly put upon the feet of the patient that his soul may not escape. If he does not get well, it is because his friends were not quick enough in their work.

The medicine men of many tribes dress themselves in hideous fashion to excite the fear and compel the respect of their people. They do not have to go on the warpath, but will do it sometimes. It seems to be a good chance for the deformed to win respect from the physically perfect.

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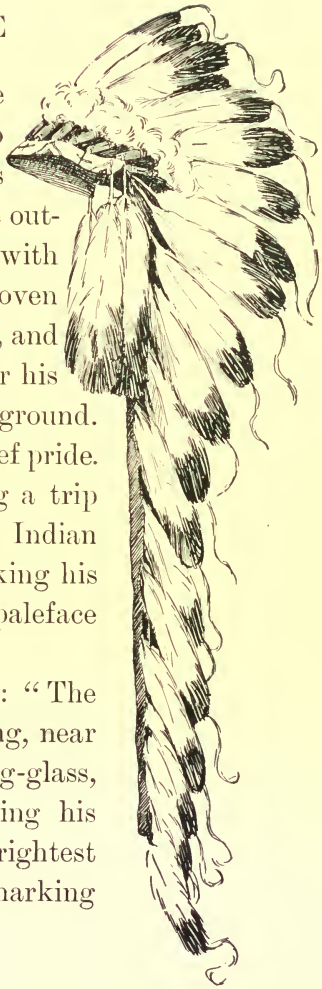
THE INDIAN AT HOME



AN Indian in his native costume is a subject artists are glad to paint, — tanned buckskin trousers with the buckskin fringe down the outside seams; buckskin moccasins with colored porcupine quills neatly woven into the leather in regular patterns, and a heavy blanket or buffalo robe over his shoulders, hanging nearly to the ground. But the paint upon his face is his chief pride.

A traveler, in 1835, was taking a trip up the Mississippi. He espied an Indian on the forward deck who was making his toilet, apparently unaware that a paleface was watching the process.

The traveler gives this account: "The Indian had secured at Fort Snelling, near St. Paul, a bit of broken looking-glass, and there he sat on deck, painting his face and neck. A daub of the brightest red paint went down the line marking the parting of his hair.

"He worried and worked as much over the daubs on his cheeks as some very civilized girls would over a naughty curl. First, a daub of yellow with red at the edge; then red on the yellow, and yellow on the red, until his eye was satisfied.

"In the tuft of hair on his crown he stuck an eagle feather; the mirror showed it was not in a becoming place. Out it came and was poised at a different angle. Still, it was not just the style he wanted, and out it came again. At last it stood straight up, and the dandy finished his toilet.

"Such a self-satisfied air did he put on when paint, feather, and blanket had been arranged to his liking! Perhaps some daughter of the Dakotas was the cause of all this patient study of the art of dressing; but I cannot dream of Hiawatha ever belittling himself to take so long a time with feathers and paint."

It seemed strange to the traveler for the Indian to take so much pains with the colors of paint and the place where he put them upon his face, but it is now known that each color has its meaning with them. The Indians paint their faces very differently when they are going on the warpath. The warriors of each nation have their own fashion of painting their faces and bodies.

The war chiefs have a very noble look when they come out with their feather war bonnets reaching from

the crowns of their heads down to their feet. Their bearing is dignified; their faces are earnest and solemn; and each one treads the earth as a king.

Indian women are sometimes very handsome when young; but the quantity of colored earth they use as paint does not hide half the dirt upon their faces. They wear blankets and buckskin skirts, and make a pretty picture if the wigwam is in the background. Many of the babies have a decidedly Japanese look and are attractive little creatures, as babies are apt to be.

The Indian squaw is a good helpmate to her husband. His work is to hunt; her work is at home in the teepee, where he can find rest and food after his hunting. An Indian brave will not do his squaw's work, and his squaw does not wish her brave to be different from other men.

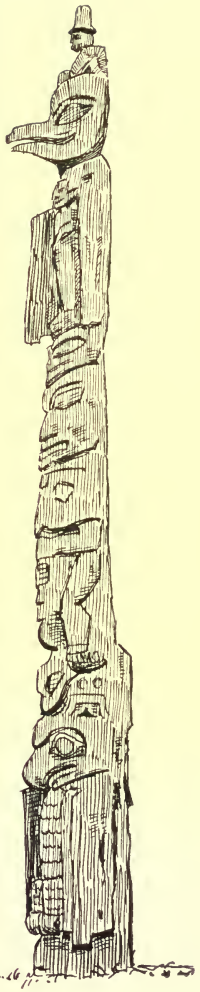
The Indian pony seems like a part of the family. He is not petted nor fed like the Arabian horse, but is just as necessary to his master's happiness. Indian ponies know what little food and what no food mean. The rank prairie grass is usually easy for them to get, but sometimes it is burned off. The pony must search for his own food in summer or winter.

The Indian pony or cayuse sometimes carries a load under which a donkey could hardly move; but he takes his own gait, and keeps it too. He is suited by

inherited years of hard work to his master and his home. The Indian pony is thought to be descended from the horses brought to America by the Spanish explorers.

The dogs belonging to an Indian camp or village are numerous and often nearly starved. Whenever a stranger makes his appearance, his coming is announced by furious barks and howls of these hungry sentinels. The white hunter has reason to dread the attacks of these dogs, for they are much like the coyotes and wolves of the forests. Unless his gun is ready, or their masters call them back, it is usually best for the stranger to find refuge in a tree; but the braves, squaws, and children give the white visitor a kind welcome as soon as they know that his visit is friendly.

MEANING OF INDIAN TOTEMS AND NAMES



AN Indian, while hunting, followed a bear a long way into the forest. The rain came and he was lost, so he cut the bark from a tree and made with his tomahawk a picture of a fox. He put a ring under one foot in the picture. He belonged to the Fox tribe and had been lost one day. He made more such marks on the trees as he went on.

Another hunter from the same tribe found him after three days. He had trailed him by the little marks on the trees; by bent twigs and branches; by his footprints in the mud or sand. He knew the lost one was very weak and hungry, for the last fox picture had three circles to show that he had been lost three days, and other marks to show that he had shot nothing. An untrained white hunter would not have seen one sign of the lost Indian.

If the Fox Indian had been asked why he used the fox picture, he would have said, if ready to talk: "My grandfather was a fox." This would mean to us that his totem or first ancestor was a fox.

Other tribes believe they are descended from bears, wolves, cranes, or other creatures. They nearly all have their totems, or sign-pictures. We write our names with letters; they use pictures. It is their coat-of-arms. Our names also have meanings.

The tall, curiously carved totem poles of Alaska are really carved family histories. Where two or more animals are pictured on one pole it shows the marriage or other union of different bands to which the family belongs. These totem poles are usually put up before each native house. The natives will not sell them, for they are valuable family records.

A Dakota warrior shot an arrow into the sky; the clouds parted just as his arrow turned to fall. He was thought to have shot the clouds; he was called Hole-in-the-sky.

Old Chief Sleepy-eye had a bright mind, but his eyelids did not serve him well; hence his name.

In some tribes the little ones are named after the first object that is seen, as Buffalo Horn, White Pony, Lame Dog, and names that are sometimes better but more often seem to us not so good.

The Sioux have names for their boys or girls

ALASKAN TOTEM POLES

From a Photograph

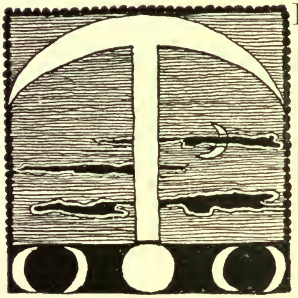
according to their order of birth. The first boy is called Chaska, until by some feat of bravery he changes it himself. The second son is Harpam; his next brother is Hapeda; the fourth son is Chatun; and the fifth boy has the name of Harka all ready for him.

The first girl has the musical name of Winona, and her next younger sister takes the name of Harpan. Harpstena will be the name of the third girl baby. Waska and Weharka are for the fourth and fifth girls of a family, and other names are provided for a greater number of children.

The Indians have titles and descriptive names for the white people whom they know. A certain military surgeon who has been among them and has keen, dark eyes and gray hair is always called Gray Eagle. Their senses are trained to observe very keenly, and they quickly know each person. Perhaps the paleface might be startled if he understood the name they gave him.

Some Indian tribes call the horse Foot-with-one-toe. Few white Americans would have noticed the horse's foot so closely.

THE INDIAN NAMES FOR THE MONTHS OR MOONS



THE moon goes through its changes from new moon to new moon in twenty-eight days. The Indians reckon their time of year by these changes in the Night Sun, as they call the moon.

Tribes living in different parts of America have various names for the months, which they call Moons. They all keep their calendar hung in the sky, and it is never lost for any length of time. They have given these moons names after what interests them most.

One nation has named them in the following way. The month in our calendar is also given, so that you can easily guess the Indian's reason for his name for the month.

January	The Cold Moon.
February	The Snow Moon.
March	The Green Moon.
April	The Moon of Plants.
May	The Moon of Flowers.
June	The Hot Moon.

July	The Moon of the Deer.
August	The Sturgeon Moon.
September	The Fruit Moon.
October	The Traveling Moon.
November	The Beaver Moon.
December	The Hunting Moon.

If you were spending the year among the Sioux or Dakotas, little Winona might tell you that January is the Hard Moon.

February is when the braves and the boys take their dogs and hunt the raccoon; hence, they call it the 'Coon Moon.

The Sioux have lived for a long time in the north. They know the effect of the bright sunshine of March when it shines upon the snowdrifts. It is called the Moon of Snow-blindness.

April is the Egg Moon. It is the moon when the wild geese lay their eggs, and the Indians gather them for food. The next time you watch the dark triangle of wild geese flying northward, you can say it is near the time of the Egg Moon of the Dakotas.

May is the Planting Moon. What! You did not know that the copper-colored people planted anything? Oh, yes, they do! Remember our maize, or Indian corn, is one great gift from them.

June has the prettiest name. Bright, beautiful June that we all love. It is the Strawberry Moon. The

luscious wild strawberries are more delicate in flavor than any grown in the gardens. The wild Indian has many dainties.

July, our red-white-and-blue month, is their Moon of Red Lilies. Has it ever been your good fortune to see a vast tract of land covered with these gorgeous wild tiger-lilies? O Moon of Red Lilies, how beautiful you make our western prairies! In this same moon the wild cherry is ripe, and many tribes know it as the Cherry Moon.

August is the Ripe Moon. Have you ever heard of the Harvest Moon? Is not that nearly the same name? Seeds from thistle and the milkweed are filling the air with their downy carriers. Wild grasses and grains are ready for the gatherers, and the maize will shortly be ready for the harvest.

While at Lake Superior, some time ago, we saw Chippewa Indians in their birch-bark canoes, anchored in what seemed to be a very reedy bay. We found out that the bay was filled with wild rice instead of reeds and rushes. It was the time of their wild-rice gathering. Two moons are given names referring to wild rice: September is the Ripe-rice Moon; October is often called the Harvest Moon. With plenty of maize and wild rice the winter is not dreaded. The Indian puts away his winter stores with much the same care that his white brother uses; he stores corn in pits

that he digs in the earth. He could learn this from the squirrel.

November is the Moon of Michabo, or Indian Summer. Michabo is another name for Menabozho, the Chippewa Indian's manitou friend; he has given them this second summer of the year, they believe.

December is the Moon of Dropping Horns. The deer lose their long antlers about this time, and the Indians can find them in the forests where the deer trails are.

The Indians have twelve moons in their year, the same number that we have in our calendar.

MOKIS READY FOR A SACRED DANCE

From a Photograph

CUSTOMS OF KICKAPOO, SEMINOLE, AND OTHER TRIBES

THE Kickapoo Indians first lived in what is now Illinois. Their present home is in the Indian Territory. One of their peculiar customs is that they have a tribe whipper who makes his weekly rounds with his whip to punish children, and in this way the parents save themselves from the pain of inflicting punishment upon their children. Indians dislike rudeness or noisy behavior when there should be quiet. Fire-water, as they call whiskey, makes them forget the manners their parents taught them.

Many of the Seminole Indians live in the Everglades of Florida. They are a tall, dignified, intelligent race, and resent the visits of white people unless it is shown that the visitor is a friend, for they have been driven to these Everglades by reason of conquering whites. They live in roofed huts and cultivate several kinds of crops. They once owned rich lands in upper Florida and Alabama. Their language is said to be very musical.

The Cherokee and Natchez tribes once lived in Mississippi and Louisiana. They were very wise in war and had many things which they manufactured in times of peace. They carved curious shell ornaments, which are often found in southern mounds.

The Flathead Indians of the west bind a piece of stiff board upon the forehead of their papooses. The child's head flattens as it grows, and he carries his race mark through life.

The Blackfoot Indians were so called because during a retreat the burnt prairie grass stained their moccasins as black as the blackest cayuse or pony.

The term Digger Indians has been given to various tribes conquered and driven from their fishing and hunting grounds. They live almost wholly upon roots of weeds or the few insects and small animals found in the plains of eastern Utah and the surrounding country. The stronger tribes will not let them fish in lake or stream, and their whole life is miserable.

The Indians of California were originally very brave and warlike, but the remnants of the tribes are broken in spirit and seem broken-hearted. Those which have drifted or have been driven by whites and red men into the peninsula of southern California are much like the Diggers.

The different tribes and nations scattered over America seemed to have known much about metals,

although they used stone arrow points and stone axes when the first explorers visited their homes.

The copper mines of Lake Superior show yet where the Indians have mined in them. Gold and silver ornaments were used in many tribes to decorate the braves and their squaws. Shells were carved with sharp tools and used as ornaments, or cut small into wampum.

Arrowheads were of flint or jasper and were made by the arrow makers of the tribe. It is said each nation had its own shape of arrowhead. Some preferred very small points; some chose the larger ones.

The early races of white people in all ancient lands used stone for many purposes. This first period has been called the Stone Age; this was followed by the Copper Age; then came the Iron Age. The Indians do not seem to have used iron before white men came, and were living in what history would call the Stone Age.

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THE INDIANS WHO LIVE IN BRICK HOUSES

THE native Indians of the southwestern part of the United States were much more civilized when discovered than the wandering tribes in other parts of the country. They have built adobe houses for many centuries. These houses of mud, brick, and hewn timbers cannot be removed like the wigwams, teepees, or wickiups of the other tribes. The Spaniards named these Indians Pueblos, for *pueblo* is the Spanish word for village. There are twenty-seven Pueblo towns.

The Pueblos are a peaceful people. They have had time to invent things that astonish the white men who have seen only the Indians of the wandering tribes.

The pueblo of Zuñi is in New Mexico, about two hundred miles southeast of Santa Fé. This Indian town was sought for by Coronado and his Spanish soldiers. They had heard marvelous stories of the silver, gold, and jewels owned by the red people living north of Mexico; but the Pueblos were brave as well as wise, and the history of that Spanish expedition is sad reading.

The town of Zuñi is built upon a hill, about forty feet above the bank of the river Zuñi; it covers about

fifteen acres. The town is like a great beehive, for the houses are merely rooms built one over the other, each family living in a few small rooms which are reached by means of ladders. Some houses are only two stories high, while others are fully five stories. The wealthier Indians live in the lower houses, except the official whose duty it is to give the orders of the governor from the housetop. He lives with his family in rooms near the roof. These Zuñi houses are built around two plazas, or squares, with several streets and covered ways to connect them with the other parts of the town. The mesa called Thunder Mountain, upon which similar homes were built by them in ancient times, is very near their peaceful village.

Cliff-dwellings have been found that are entirely deserted, built by a very ancient people of whom we know little. Curious relics of dishes, cloth, and ornaments are found in these cliff-dwellings, but no one knows how many centuries since the empty houses were filled with living people, and no one knows why they were deserted. Some have thought the Zuñis are the descendants of this lost race; others think them to be like the mound-builders.

The Zuñi Indians weave handsome wool blankets in handmade looms. They invented these looms themselves. They sell or trade these blankets to Indians of many other tribes.

THREE-STORIED PUEBLO HOUSES IN ORAIBI

From a Photograph

The Zuñi and other Pueblos make very good dishes of red clay. Their common cooking ware is much like the dishes seen in wigwams. They make handsome pitchers, vases, and table dishes of a brown color. They understand the working and coloring of clay, and the value of the different kinds. They make a common black ware, which is sometimes used instead of the red ware.

Their very best work is of a cream-white color, and the vases and dishes are handsomely decorated with colored borders and pictures. Many travelers have brought home fine specimens of Zuñi dishes, for their town is not far from the railroad.

The Navajos live near the Zuñis. Their hogans, or homes, are not so well made as the Zuñis' adobe houses; they are low adobe huts. The Navajos find time and have the skill to do some very good work in metals, although their tools are rude. They make some use of iron, but their best work is shown in the making and carving of ornaments and other articles of silver. They also have invented hand looms and are blanket weavers.

All the Pueblos make handsome water-tight baskets of elegant shape from the fibers of the yucca plant. This plant, sometimes called the Spanish bayonet, from its sharp-pointed leaves, grows to a great size on the plains. The Pueblos color the fibers in some manner

and weave handsome borders of black, white, or yellow into their baskets. These are used for flour or meal holders, or for holding water, and are called ollas.

They grind their maize or other grain by hand between stones. They raise turkeys, and, as they are good weavers, they sometimes use the turkey feathers in weaving a downy cloth.

The Apaches live near the Pueblos and are well known for their love of the warpath. They are not Village Indians, yet are noted for their fine basket weaving. They use the willows found in their country instead of the yucca fibers.

The different tribes of Pueblos often use stone axes. It is believed that these are not made by them but were found in the deserted cliff-dwellers' homes.

These Village Indians make use of a plant called soaproot, the root of which will make water foam and will cleanse one's skin the same as the white man's soap. The Indian who lives in a teepee does not know the use of soap and is not anxious for a bath.

White people have lived for years among the Zuñi and other Pueblos and have found them patient, kind, and intelligent. Some of these whites have returned and have written books about the people of whose home life they have learned so much.

Some of the habits of the Navajos are very odd. After the death of one of their tribe, his house, or

hogan, is pulled down; if this is not done, every one who enters it fears danger.

A Navajo will not look into the face of the mother of his wife; when they talk together he looks on the ground or in another direction. It is said a Navajo once forgot himself and, looking up, became blind. They believe that the souls of the women of their tribe enter fish when they leave this world; and they rarely eat fish for that reason. Indian customs and manners are taught to their children with just as much earnestness as white people teach their little ones.

All the Pueblos make curious images or dolls of clay. These may possibly be idols, but are not always, for both old and young sometimes play with them as toys. They are a religious people. They believe in a Great Spirit and in a future life. Their forms of worship are very strange and sometimes cruel.

The tribes called Pueblos of New Mexico are not included with those which continue to live in the twenty-seven Pueblo towns, for whatever may have been their customs in past centuries, they are now very different from the Village Indians, who still live and worship after the manner of their ancestors.

MOKI MAIDEN IN NATIVE COSTUME

From a Photograph

THE MOKI INDIANS

THE Moki Indians live in pueblos the same as the Zuñi people. Their name is also spelled Moqui and Hopi. The Moki pueblo of Walpi is in Arizona. It is at the end of a mesa or plateau which rises abruptly seven hundred feet above the desert. It is here that the great snake dance is held each alternate autumn.

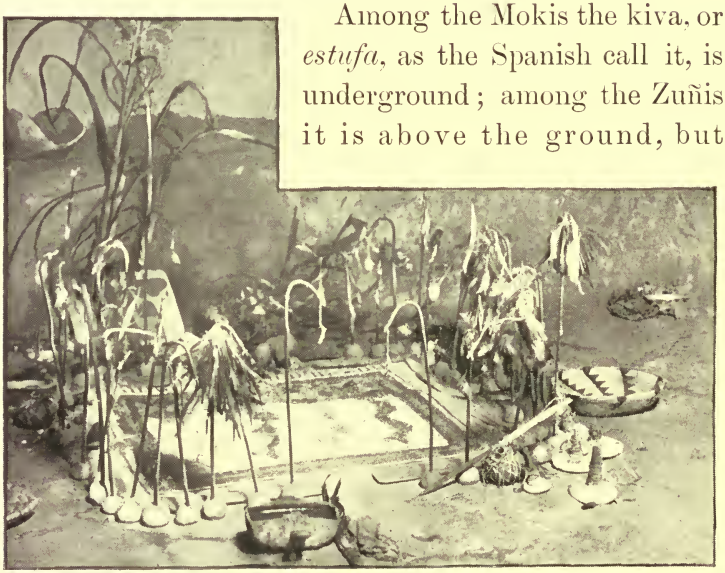
The Moki weave blankets and cloth for dresses, which they exchange with other Pueblos for ponies, turquoise beads, and silver ornaments for neck or hair.

The Moki maidens, like those of a few other tribes, do not leave their straight black hair hanging down their backs. These maidens put up their locks in huge puffs over each ear. These puffs are to represent squash blossoms. The married women braid their hair and sometimes fasten it in a knot at the back of the head.

All the water used in this elevated pueblo is carried up the seven hundred feet in clay ollas by the women. It is like a scene in Asia to see them gathered at evening about the springs at the foot of the mesa.

The Mokis are a very devout people, and their young men are taught daily in the kivas, or secret rooms, by the wise old men all the sacred rites and wisdom of their fathers.

Among the Mokis the kiva, or *estufa*, as the Spanish call it, is underground; among the Zuñis it is above the ground, but



Interior of Kiva with Sacred Altar

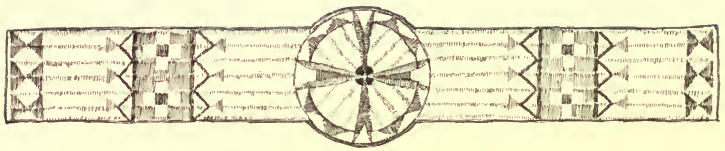
entered at the top by a ladder. In it is a sacred flat altar, usually surrounded by prayer-sticks called bahos. These sticks have a feather fastened at the top, to show that prayer rises.

These bahos are always planted two or three times a year by the water ways, to do reverence to the water god who shows himself in the lightning. They believe

a serpent is the form lightning takes when on earth; hence the pictures of these on the prayer-sticks, and sometimes on the sides of rocks.

There is an order of nuns among the Pueblos called Ko-Ko. These go to the springs in the early morning and place the bahos in the banks, so that rain may come on the corn, beans, and pumpkins which have been planted. No one dares to remove one baho.

The Moki Indians have stories of Coronado's people, who battled with them in 1540.



DAKOTA OR SIOUX

THE name the French gave the fierce, strong Dakotas is Sioux, which is the way they pronounced the name given them by their Algonquin neighbors. This has become the name of the people, and Dakota is the language which they speak.

They are divided into many bands, each with a chief for a leader. His friends and relatives move their teepees wherever this chief thinks best on the land the Great Father in Washington has reserved for them.

They are very brave and have many wise men among them. The chiefs of the bands are always ready to follow what the head chief of the nation commands. The head chief has learned that the Great Father in Washington has more warriors than he, and so the Sioux are not sent on the warpath any more.

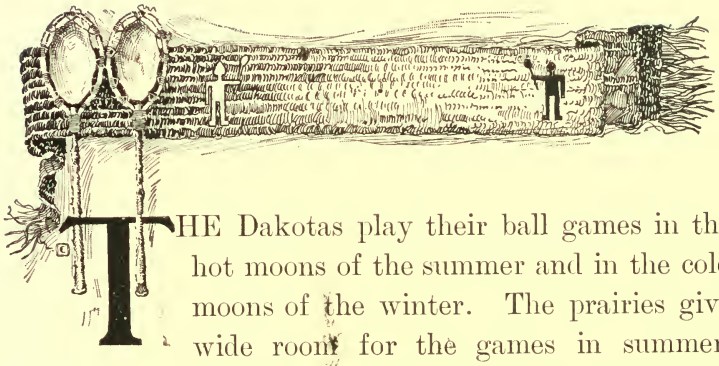
The buffalo and antelope are gone from the prairie. There is not meat enough in the woods, and the warlike Sioux has now to come to the Indian agency to get his rations. It is a fine sight to see the teepees of the bands when they have gathered at the agency. Even

here they show their respect to the head chief and his followers, for his teepees are placed in the center of the camp. The greatest chief comes next, and so on, till the weakest band places its teepees last.

The Sioux who have been long in the south do not speak like their northern relatives. For example, they say Lakota instead of Dakotá. The northern bands laugh at their southern brothers, and think they have been trying to become different. Many Sioux boys and girls are in the schools at the agencies learning to write and to read in English. They are very quick to learn and can draw very well.

The Sioux women make such beautiful beadwork that a white woman thought it wise to teach them to make lace of the choicest kind. The young squaws and some of the Indian boys have learned to make this rare point lace with care and wonderful neatness. They cannot use it; but the money they get for it buys food and clothes for them and their relatives.

INDIAN GAMES



THE Dakotas play their ball games in the hot moons of the summer and in the cold moons of the winter. The prairies give wide room for the games in summer, and the ice on the many lakes serves as winter ball grounds for them.

Large spaces are needed, for there are many players. There is only one ball, but there are as many bats as players. The bats are about thirty inches long, with a loop at the lower end; this is laced across with deer sinew, to make a pocket in which the ball is caught and thrown.

The center of the ball ground is chosen. Stakes are set many feet away from the center, on opposite sides, as the bounds for the game. Two parties of equal numbers are chosen. Each party chooses its own leader or chief.

The chief of one side drops his ball into the pocket of his bat and tosses it toward the center ground between the stakes. Both sides rush toward the place where the ball may fall, each brave hoping he may be the lucky one to catch it; whoever gets the ball tosses it with his bat into the air toward his side of the grounds. Then the screaming, howling mob of players tears across the field to the place where the ball may fall again. The ball is thrown and contended for until one side succeeds in throwing it beyond the bounds of the opposite party.

The prizes for the winning side have hung all this time on the prize pole; and dangling in the air, waiting the finish of the game, are the knives, tomahawks, blankets, moccasins, fine buffalo and deerskin robes which the winners will divide among themselves. Indian girls play the same game and with nearly as much vigor and skill as their brothers.

Always, at these games, the old men and squaws sit or stand at the outside of the ball ground, a mass of interested spectators.

The ball game in some form, it seems, has been the national game on American soil since before American history began.

The plum-stone game was and is yet played by the northern Indian tribes. The Dakotas call it kansoo-kootaype, which simply means "shooting plum-stones."

Each plum-stone is painted black on one side and red on the other side. The stones are also cut on one side to make them of different value according to the meaning of the marks cut.

These black and red stones are put into a large shallow dish of clay or metal. The dish is struck against the nearest object with a sharp blow. The stones fall black or red side up, and the betting on the number of black or red stones makes the game.

It is pure gambling. The prizes are valuable,—furs, clothing, food, everything goes in the excitement of the game. An Indian may be beggared in a minute.

Father Hennepin describes the excitement of the game in his *Descriptions of Louisiana*, published in Paris in 1683. This book is a description of his travels at that time in the valley of the Mississippi to the Falls of St. Anthony and beyond. Father Hennepin said:

"There are some so given to the game that they will gamble away even their greatcoat. Those who conduct the game scream at the top of their voices when they rattle the platter; and they strike their shoulders so hard as to make themselves black and blue with the blow."

The Indian boys have their pony races and running matches. They play much like white boys, but with more cruelty.

SIOUX AND CHIPPEWAS OF MINNESOTA

THE Iroquois drove the Chippewas, or Ojibways, from their hunting grounds and from fishing in many waters in central New York; as the bands increased and more needed food, many started westward, and Chippewa names of lakes and rivers mark their progress toward the Mississippi. They made a long halt at the Sault Ste. Marie, for many fish were in these waters, but there was no place to plant their corn. They built their wigwam fires farther westward each year, until they reached what is now northern Minnesota. Here they found the Dakotas, or Sioux, had possession of the beautiful lake region, which was so nearly like the country by the River of Islands in the east.

The Chippewas had no wish to go back, and their warriors and chiefs were too brave to think that even the fierce western tribes could conquer them. They built their wigwams on islands and points of land projecting into the lake, for these made good places of

landing for their birch-bark canoes, and also gave them a better chance to watch for their enemies than in the thick forests of pine, birch, and cedar.

Each band of Chippewas has yet many stories to tell of the terrible battles with the "nadoway-sioux," as the French trappers and hunters call the Algonquin word which means "hidden enemies." This warfare began years before the time of our war of the Revolution and did not end for nearly a century. The Chippewas fought for their new home very bravely, and the Sioux were just as brave in trying to hold what they believed to be the center of the world and nearest like the Happy Hunting Grounds of the future life. There is a very extensive view of the Mississippi at its junction with the Minnesota which is called by the Indians Mendota, or the "gathering of the waters." The contending tribes fought fiercely to hold or to obtain this place, for here these red men, with their love for the beautiful in nature, had decided was where many of their gods liked best to stay. The building of Fort Snelling at this point and the arrival of white men put a stop to the battles, and neither tribe could claim Mendota.

The Great Father in Washington made a treaty with the Chippewas whereby they hold much of their hard-won lake region as long as they keep their treaty promises; now that there is peace between the Indian

nations they are willing to admit that each had many heroes in war and council.

During the conflict a trader attempted to bargain with the Sioux for furs, after having had dealings with a band of Chippewas. This band, wild with fury at what they called the trader's treachery, broke open his storehouse and destroyed or took all his stores of furs and other articles. They were called Pillagers by the French and other bands, and hold the name yet and are proud of it, for the deed was done openly and for the sake of their nation.

The Pillagers are nearly all Blanket Indians. They live in wigwams in summer and cover these with bark huts in winter for greater warmth. The wigwams are covered with woven mats made of reeds or grass and birch bark. The huts are like a one-room house and are covered also with pine or birch bark. Each spring these Indians make large quantities of maple sugar, which they pack in mokuks, or birch-bark baskets, and sell or exchange at the stores in towns. During the summer they pick and sell the berries which grow near the woods and lakes. They have gardens of maize, squash, pumpkins, beans, and onions, and some raise potatoes. Their meat supply is getting scarce, as the deer, moose, and bear are being hunted so freely by white men. The men often dress in true Indian costumes, with buckskin leggings, beadwork ornaments,

CHIPPEWA INDIAN'S SUMMER WIGWAM

From a Photograph

blankets, and a feather in their scalp lock if they have killed an enemy; this honor is hard to give up, and even a murderer of one of his own tribe has dared to wear the eagle feather.

There is a large government school at Leech Lake, and many of the boys and girls have learned the customs and books of the white people, but when they return to their wigwam homes there is little chance to change the home life, except in very simple ways.

Some of the finest work in lace, which has been taught in the Indian schools, has been done by these Chippewas at Leech Lake. They were so artistic in their bead and basket work that a lady who saw the point lace made in the mission schools in Japan decided to teach it to all the squaws who would learn the art. Their success has been a pleasure to her and to them. It brings the money with which to buy food.

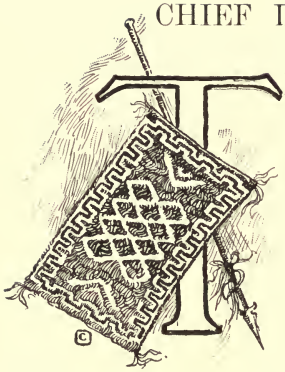
The lakes near the source of the Great River abound in wild rice, which is gathered in August and stored in mokuks for winter use. The wild swan, geese, and ducks also feed upon it, and they make good hunting.

The extensive pine forests owned by the Chippewas have attracted many white men who are trying to gain possession of them, but the wise chiefs know their value and their people's need, and they remember the years of warfare when the land was won; neither have they yet broken their treaty promises. A few years

ago the courts wanted several of the Leech Lake Indians for witnesses in a trial. It was cold, and if the men went their families would suffer, for they must be gone some weeks. The old chief would not let them go until the government promised money to support their families. The white men in council did not think best to make the promise, and the chief refused to send the witnesses. The soldiers came to take the men forcibly. There was a battle, and soldiers fell and much money was spent, but still the chief has not given up the men. The white people feel that the Indian chief had much in his favor, for he would not see his people suffer; the squaws and papooses must be cared for, and he had not the money with which to buy food for them.

The Sioux in southern Minnesota made an uprising during the Civil War. Some friendly Indians warned the whites of the coming troubles and helped them to escape. A monument erected in 1900 to these good Indians shows the friendly feeling of the whites to their rescuers. These Indians were called traitors by the Sioux and had to flee for their own lives. Some of them settled at Mendota and are much respected by their white friends. The son of one became an Episcopal minister. The present chief of all the Chippewas is also a minister of the same church and an able leader of his people.

CHIEF LOGAN AND OTHERS



THE Delaware Indians of eastern Pennsylvania have always called the Iroquois the Mingo Indians.

Skikelling was a Mingo. He was chief of the Cayugas, one of the most intelligent tribes of the Iroquois union. The son of Skikelling was also a chief. He is celebrated in the history of Pennsylvania as Chief Logan.

When a babe Chief Logan was brought by his father to Fort Augusta in 1742, to be baptized by the Moravian missionaries. Hence his American name, which is famous in history and romance.

There was another Chief Logan who was for a time chief among the Delawares. This chief lost an eye in a battle and was then deprived of his position, as a chief must be physically perfect.

History has preserved the names of numbers of Indians famous in war and peace.

Samoset, who greeted the Pilgrims with the cordial "Welcome, Englishmen," is one of the first on the list.

Squanto, Massasoit, Canonicus, Miantonomoh are well known in New England history. These are the names of men who kept their promises and fought bravely for their white friends.

King Philip saw the ruin of his country and people and commanded an uprising. He was a terrible warrior, and his name is both famous and infamous. Tecumseh, Red Cloud, Black Hawk, and others are well known in western history. These names and hundreds of others are kept in memory as the names of cities, rivers, or lakes.

A NAVAJO MEDICINE CHANT

THE Navajos give a medicine dance and chant a long song when a sick person asks for this service. This chant is the story in song of the capture and escape of a young Navajo brave. He is helped by his people's gods, who are like the creatures that live in his own country.

This is the part of the chant telling of his escape:

"He came to the house of the Butterfly. It was filled with butterflies and rainbows.

"Kacluge, the great Butterfly, welcomed him to his lodge. His wife took the young brave by the hand. He was welcome.

"She left the room, but came back with a great pearl dish in her hand. It was a sea-shell filled with water. She gave him soapweed. He washed and was white. He dried his hands with meal and painted his face with white earth; then he was fair as a white man.

"Kacluge gave him fine white moccasins. He gave him a collar of beaver skin, and a whistle to call for help.

"His arms looked like wings, for plumed prayer-sticks were fastened to them in the Butterfly's lodge.

"The young man was no longer tired. He was strong again, and like a white butterfly in beauty. Kacluge fed him with white corn meal mixed with pure water. He slept in the house of the Butterfly.

"In the morning the young Navajo stepped on the white sand. The wife of the Butterfly put two burning lines of white lightning before his feet. He stepped upon these, and his white moccasins fastened to the lightning.

"'Now,' said the Butterfly, 'the lightning is yours; follow where it leads.'

"With one step he stood on a high hill. He saw a flash of lightning fill the valley.

"'It is the trail I must follow,' said the young Navajo. Across the valley, on the trail of the lightning, he ran to the mountains; and now, pure in face, in heart, and with white feet, the lightning led him home."

Adapted from Powell's Report.

HOW THE CAVE PEOPLE FOUND DRY LAND ON THE EARTH

(Zuñi Chant)

N the old days all men lived in caves in the center of the earth. There were four caves, one over the other. Men first lived in the lowest cave. It was dark. There was no light, and the cave was crowded. All men were full of sorrow.

"The Holder of the Paths of Life, the Sun-father, heard the people cry. He created two children for himself, and they fell to the earth to help the cave people.

"The Sun-father gave his two children eternal youth. He gave them power to do things as he would do them. He gave them gifts. One gift was a painted bow that reached from one end of the sky to the farther end. It was the rainbow. He gave them an arrow of fire. It was the lightning. He gave them a great shield

INTERIOR OF ZUÑI HOUSE

From a Photograph

like his own. The shield was a net of cotton cords on a hoop of wood, and the last gift, a great magic war knife of flint, was fastened to the center of the shield.

"After the two children had cut the face of the earth with the stone war knife, they rode on the magic shield to the lowest cave where men lived. There they lived with mankind as leaders.

"The priests prayed to the Sun-children for help in the darkness. The Sun-children led mankind into the second cave; it was still all darkness. Men asked the priests to pray for more help. They came to the Sun-children, and the people were led into the third world or cave.

"This was a larger world than the other two. It was like twilight in this cave, but at first all thought that they had reached the blazing sun, it was so light.

"After a thousand years this cave became crowded. Men sought the priests and prayed them to find some way to help them.

"The two Sun-children cut their way through the cave above them, and led the people out upon the earth. It was only a small island, for all the rest was water.

"Men covered their faces with their hands, for the light made them blind. They fell down and tried to hide in the sand, they were so hot. The people were taught to make clothing of yucca fiber. Their eyes

were like owls' eyes, and they covered them with their hands till they were strong.

"The Sun-children led the people over the quaking earth to the east, where the Sun-father had his home.

"The Sun-children were told to dry the earth. They put the magic shield upon the earth and laid the rainbow upon it. They put arrows of lightning to the north, south, east, and west, and the arrows crossed each other. The older brother shot with an arrow the lightning arrows where they crossed upon the rainbow.

"Thlu-tchu! the lightning arrows shot toward every point. Fire rolled over the face of the earth. The earth was dried when the fire storm was over.

"The earth was then full of great beasts that had lived in the water. The Sun-children shot the beasts with their arrows; then the beasts became stone. The people were free to go on the earth wherever they wanted to go.

"Thus the people were led out of the deep caves; thus the land became dry, and men came to live on the earth."

From report by F. H. Cushing, who was adopted by the Zuñis.

Part II

TRADITIONS AND MYTHS

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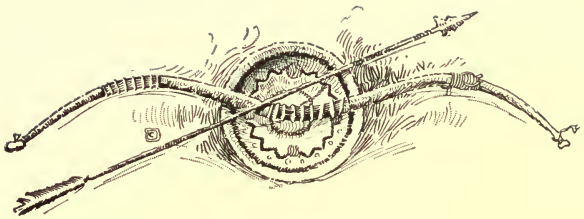
THE INDIAN STORY-TELLER

Original Painting by Angel de Cora (Hinook-mahiwi-kilinaka)



INTRODUCTORY — INDIAN STORIES

THE Indians, when trying to speak English, often use very short sentences with easy words, just as foreigners do. They will repeat a statement in different ways, so that their listeners will be sure to understand; this makes the stories they tell sound very queer sometimes.

The Indians do not like to have any one laugh at them. It is not an easy matter to get them to tell their legends about trees, rocks, or living creatures. They once believed that everything had its manitou, or spirit, which took care of it, but by their contact with the white people they have lost much of their fear of these manitous, and also much of their faith in their power.

The paleface must show himself a very good friend indeed before he is allowed to hear the stories told to native guests or to the children. The white friend may be a hunter, and then his Indian guide will tell in his own way stories connected with objects seen by them in the forest, on the plain, or on the mountain.

Henry R. Schoolcraft, an American geologist, was much among the red men, from eastern New York to the source of the Mississippi, which he discovered. He married the granddaughter of a chief. He was allowed to hear the ancient legends, and published them in prose form in 1830.

Henry W. Longfellow read them with so much interest that he told them again in his beautiful poem of *Hiawatha,* weaving into the story the bride Minnehaha of whom the Indians have no legend.

The Ojibways, or Chippewas, tell stories of a hero called by them Menabozho. He is called the Foolish or Sly One; he is always playing tricks, for which he is usually punished. Many of these Chippewa stories which they are telling of him even now are woven into the poem of *Hiawatha,* as the poet thought that Iroquois name more musical than Menabozho, and, like many others, supposed the Iroquois and the Chippewas to be the same people.

As they have no written language, their legends may change a little; the same story may be told in different ways, and the words they use may have various forms.

I. IAGOO, THE GREAT STORY-TELLER

(Algonquin)

THE white man laughs much. The Indian is wise. He can see a joke, but he does not laugh as much as the white man. The papoose and the squaw may laugh. The brave must not let his face show what he feels. It is not wise.

The white man has stories to tell his children, and his children laugh. The Indian tells the stories of Iagoo to his children. The teepee is shut, for it is winter, and you cannot hear the papoose laugh.

The white man when he tells a story which is not true says, "Once on a time." The Indian says, "My grandfather told me." The papooses know when the story is true. An Indian teaches his children to tell the truth; his children are wise; they speak the truth to their tribe.

Lame Buffalo could tell good stories. His children were happy, and they laughed often in their father's teepee. There was a fire of sticks in the middle of

the teepee, but the smoke was not bad; it went out of the teepee by the top of the poles.

Lame Buffalo sat with his wife White Deer and their children around the fire in the teepee. The oldest boy asked for a story.

Lame Buffalo told this story of Iagoo:

"In the days of my grandfather, Iagoo used to come often to the lodges of our tribe.

"Iagoo was tall. He was straight as a pine that stands alone on the hilltop. He was always hungry. He would come to a lodge of our tribe, my grandfather said, and would look at the duck the squaw was roasting. He would tell her no squaw could make such a fire as she could. No one could bake in the ashes as she could. When the duck was done, the squaw would put it on a stone by Iagoo. She and her papooses had no duck. They were hungry, but Iagoo did not go away hungry.

"The braves were always glad to see Iagoo, for his stories were never the same. He saw things no other Indian ever saw. He knew more than any other brave ever knew; he said so himself. He never went into battle, for he had much to keep him away; yet he wore eagle feathers in his scalp lock. He told great stories of battles, but no one ever saw him when he was fighting. It is not wise to look around in battle."

"Iagoo told my grandfather this story of the mosquitoes that lived on the marsh. His tribe had their teepees by this marsh.

"Iagoo said that he heard one day a great roaring. It was like ten bears, but he was the only brave who dared to go out to see what the roaring was. He saw mosquitoes flying in the tamarack trees in the swamp, but he could not tell the trees from the mosquitoes, they were both so big.

"He killed three mosquitoes with his war club. He shot them first with his arrows. Iagoo tore off the left wing of one, and he made a sail for his birch-bark canoe from that wing.

"He called to his wife. His wife heard, for his voice and his war club drove away the mosquitoes. His wife came out to see the battle, but they were gone. She tore off the bill of one of the slain mosquitoes and used it to dig with, and she used it twelve moons."

"Ugh! It is good," said the oldest boy.

"Another time Iagoo was on a trail. The trail was a creek with no water. It went through the land of the river where the buffaloes feed when it is wet.

"The trail was wide and full of sand. The dry grass was on the side of it. Iagoo saw on the sand of the trail a new animal. It was far from him, but it was large. He could see it. It was long as a wildcat, but it

had no hair like the wildcat. It had two horns like the buffalo. It had many legs, and its eyes were like fire.

"Iagoo took his war club with his two hands. He walked like a brave in battle. He ran on the trail to kill the strange beast. He raised his war club to strike it, but it was nothing but a big ant dragging a rabbit to its hole in the trail. Iagoo sat down in the sand and laughed, while the ant pulled the rabbit into the ant-hole. The rabbit was killed by the ant. Iagoo said so, and he knew it. The ant killed the rabbit with its horns."

"Ugh! ugh! ugh!" said the boys around the fire.

White Deer laughed, and her daughters laughed.

"Tell another," said the boys.

"My grandfather said that Iagoo told of the willow trees. Iagoo went to the willow trees to take some of the little creeping-cats from them. They are the flowers that come when the snow has melted.

"The willow trees looked small to Iagoo. He broke off a branch and went to get one on the other side of the tree. He made a heavy trail around the tree to mark the bush. The sun was over his head when he began to make the trail. He walked around that one willow bush, and the sun was going down in the lake when he was done. It was a long trail. No one but Iagoo ever saw such a willow bush."

White Deer laughed. She had gathered many willows for weaving.

The oldest boy looked at his brothers. They were laughing too. He did not laugh, but said "Ugh!" like a great chief.

Lame Buffalo looked at the fire. White Deer put on more sticks and blew the fire with her breath; when it began to blaze Lame Buffalo went on with more stories of Iagoo.

"My grandfather said that Iagoo went in the cold moon of winter to the south. He went alone in his canoe. His tribe was in the far north, in the fur country. Iagoo liked to fish. His wife could hunt for the fur skins, for it is cold in the far north.

"Iagoo let his canoe drift like a leaf as he fished. It drifted near the shore of the river, then Iagoo stepped out on the shore. It sank under his feet. As the water came over where he stepped, he saw that he had not stepped on land. He had stepped on a thick lily leaf.

"Iagoo jumped back into his canoe. He broke the stem of the lily leaf with his fishing spear and put the great leaf in his canoe. It covered him and the canoe. He dried the leaf and rolled it in a pack. He went back to the far north when he had fished all he wanted to, and he gave the leaf to his squaw. She was glad. It

was like a wide buffalo skin; she made dresses for herself and her daughters out of it. No other squaws had such fine dresses."

White Deer smiled, and the little girls laughed. They knew the pond-lily leaves were small in the lakes; they could not be so wide in a river.

"It is a story for squaws," said the oldest boy.

"We will go to sleep," said Lame Buffalo, his father.

The next night Lame Buffalo told this story of Iagoo for the boys:

"A white man gave Iagoo a gun, so my grandfather said. He could shoot better than any white man.

"Iagoo went hunting. It was the time for ducks. He went in his canoe, and he hid in the rice by the ducks. The ducks flew up and made the sun dark. He lay on his back and shot straight into the flock of ducks. A swan fell dead into his canoe. Its head was shot off; the ducks fell around his canoe like hail in a hailstorm; the water was black with the ducks he shot. He piled them up like a great teepee on the shore. He shot them all with one gunshot.

"The shot from his gun fell back into the lake; it struck two loons and killed them. The shot fell through the loons and killed a muskalonge; this is the great fish that lives in the lakes. No one else ever fired such a shot as did Iagoo. He told this to my grandfather."

"It is good," said the boys.

"Tell another," said White Deer.

"Iagoo went hunting in the Hunting Moon. He killed a great deer and threw it on his back. It was heavy, but he must have food in his teepee.

"He sat down on a stump to rest. He was very still, and he saw the great elks go by him on their trail to the far north. It was like a great tribe going north. The trail they made was deep, and they did not see nor smell Iagoo.

"The first elk had horns like a great tree. He was very big; Iagoo wanted him; Iagoo ran swifter than all the elks; he came to the leader; he shot the leader of the elks; he fell like a tree in the forest; Iagoo lifted the elk to throw him over his shoulder; the elk horns struck the deer horns. Iagoo knew then that he had carried a big deer all day. Iagoo was not tired. He hung the deer in a tree and carried the elk home. No other brave in his tribe had ever brought home an elk with such horns. Iagoo said so to my grandfather."

Lame Buffalo stopped.

There are more stories of Iagoo, the great story-teller, but Lame Buffalo did not tell any more.

II. HOW CLAY DISHES WERE FIRST MADE

THE Indians in the west tell this story:

A squaw left her two boys to care for her papoose while she worked. She was hidden in the wickiup, or tent, and did not see what the boys were doing until the papoose began to cry.

The squaw found them all down by the river. They could not stir, for their feet were stuck fast in the wet clay of the river bank. She got her three children back to the wickiup. They laughed at their footprints in the clay, for they had left deep holes everywhere.

The band of Indians left their camp before the sun was over their heads. The squaw, with her papoose and her boys, was soon far away from the river bank; but during the hot summer, which was soon upon them, the same band returned to the river they had left.

The two little Indian boys went down to the clay bank where they had stuck fast. No rain had fallen

INDIAN WOMAN MAKING CLAY DISHES

From a Photograph

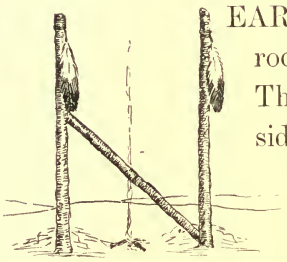
since they had been there, and they found their foot-prints in the clay. These had dried until the mud was like stone.

The squaw came and looked at the holes. She took some clay in her hands and wet it in the river, then she shaped it like the hollow stone she used for cooking. She dried the clay in the sun, and it was soon hard.

An old chief saw the clay dishes and told the other squaws to make them, but the clay dishes would not hold water and broke very easily.

A squaw put some ashes and fire in her dish one day. She wanted to save the fire, for it was hard to get. The hot coals baked the dish, and it would not break. It held water; then the Indians knew how to make their clay dishes in the right way.

III. LEAPING ROCK IN THE PIPESTONE VALLEY



EAR the Falls of Winniwissi is a great rock; it is as tall as two braves. The water manitous have cut the sides of this rock; it is smooth on the top; it is smooth on the sides; it is like a piece of ice in the Big Sea Water.

It is small on the top. A brave, if he lay down on it and put out his hands, would put his hands on nothing. It is small; it is a high rock.

When they gathered in the Pipestone Valley the chiefs stood by this rock. It is in the Valley of Peace. The young braves stood by this rock. The chiefs tried the young braves here, for this was Leaping Rock. It stood above all the other rocks.

The chiefs called the young braves of their tribes. The young braves came. The chiefs said: "Leap from this trail in the valley to the top of Leaping Rock. Then you are brave; then you are strong."

It was a leap as high as two braves are long. It was a leap like an arrow shot into the sky; like an

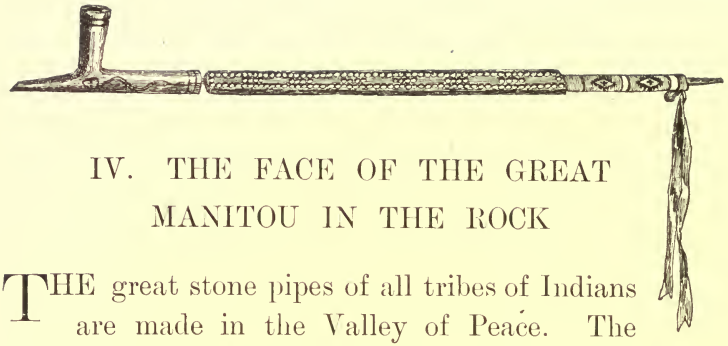
arrow which falls and breaks on the rocks the young braves fell sometimes.

Sometimes the young brave was strong; he would stand on the slippery rock like an eagle resting on the mountain. It was well. He was then a great brave. The chief of his tribe gave him the feather of an eagle to wear, for only a strong brave may wear a feather in his scalp lock.

A Dakota maiden had two lovers. She told them to go to Leaping Rock. They went; one came back. The other the chiefs buried where he fell as he slid from Leaping Rock. The maiden took the one who came back; but she was missed one day, and they found her at the foot of Leaping Rock with eagle feathers for the Pawnee's grave.

"He was brave but no one mourns for him. He shall have two eagle feathers," she said.

"It is right," said the Dakotas.



IV. THE FACE OF THE GREAT MANITOU IN THE ROCK

THE great stone pipes of all tribes of Indians are made in the Valley of Peace. The Valley of Peace has high walls of rock. This rock is soft when it is first cut; it is red and white.

No Indian may harm any one in this valley. Enemies must not know war here. Dakotas, Chippewas, Pawnees, tribes of the south and tribes of the north buried their tomahawks when they met in the Valley of Peace. This is true; the tribes gathered here to make their calumets. The calumet is the pipe of peace.

The Falls of the Winniwissi are in the Pipestone Valley. The music of the falling water is like the song of peace.

Near the Falls of Winniwissi is a high rock. When the braves come to the Valley of Peace they see a great face in this rock. They see it when far away on the long trail. It is the face of the Great Manitou. It is the face of the Great Spirit.

All the tribes believe that the water spirits cut this face on the rock. It is Wahkan. It is sacred.

The Dakotas believe that Toonkan, the oldest of all the gods, lives in stone. Stone was made first. Toonkan lived first. He lives in every rock. He loves best the great rocks. They are his home. The Indians worship the face in the rock. It is Toonkan watching them. He will bring them back alive from battle. He will help them in the fight with the bear.

The Indians lift their pipes and let the smoke blow toward the Great Stone Face. They sing songs to him; he helps the tribes.

There is another Great Spirit who lives in the sun. These two Great Spirits know each other.

The Dakota prays to the sun. One of his prayers is this:

"Wahkan Ate! onshemada!" ("Sacred Spirit, Father! have mercy on me.")

The Chippewas fear their manitous. They are careful not to offend them; there are many little manitous; there are many manitous that try to do harm. The good manitous are wiser than the bad manitous. The Indian must not forget to pray to the Great Manitou. He must not forget the little manitous.

ALASKAN INDIAN WOMEN WITH BASKETS

From a Photograph

V. HOW TWO SQUAWS SAVED THEIR BAND

(Kickapoo)

THE Indian has a great pride in and love for his band and nation. There is a story of two captive squaws who were promised life and freedom if they would lead their captors to the place where the squaws' own people were hidden.

The squaws told their captors to bring many canoes; then, acting as guides, leaped into the front canoe, calling on their captors to follow them. The long line of boats swept quickly down the stream. Every one was merry but the two squaws; their faces showed the sorrow in their hearts.

The river grew narrower, and the current grew swifter. The warriors called to the squaws to know if they were going the right way.

"This is the shortest way to our wigwams. Make ready your arrows. You will see the smoke of our campfires. We will lead the band who will kill our braves."

The squaws stood up in their canoe. They threw their paddles far out into the white water of the rapids. They gave the war whoop of their people.

The warriors saw the canoe which held the two captive squaws stand still. It was caught for one minute by a rock, then it leaped forward like a great fish and was out of sight. There was no hope for any of the canoes. Down, over the falls they went, one by one. The squaws had led their captors by the shortest way, but it was the way of death to each one.

The braves they were seeking were hidden in a cave at the foot of the waterfall. The broken canoes, scattered garments, arrows, and bodies told the story of their rescue by the brave squaws. Now the squaws of their band sing in the great war dance and chant of the bravery of women.

VI. THE ORIGIN OF THE CRANE TRIBE OF THE OJIBWAY OR CHIPPEWA INDIANS

(Tribe Story)

HE Great Spirit sent two cranes from the world above the sky. They came through an opening between the clouds and tried to find a place upon the earth. The Great Spirit told them when they were suited with some spot to fold their wings closely to their sides and wait; a change would come over them.

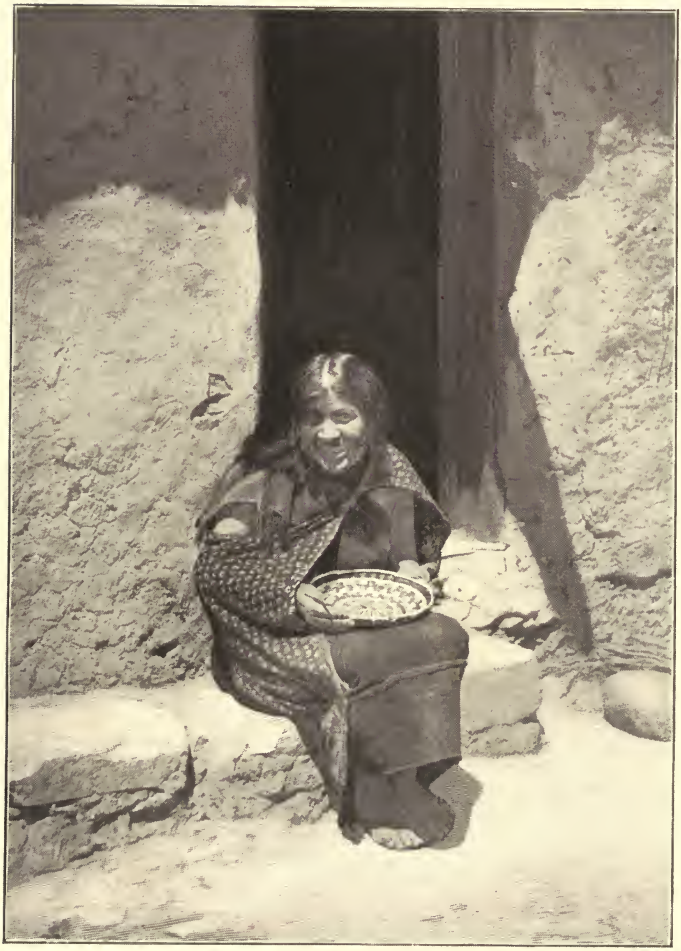
The pair of cranes flew down to the earth and began to search for a home. They went to the prairies and tasted the buffalo meat. It was good, but there were many days when no buffalo was in sight. They feared that the food would not last, and the two cranes flew to a great forest.

In the forest they tasted of the flesh of the elk, the deer, and many other animals. It was good meat, but it was hard work to hunt, and many days there were neither elk nor deer in sight.

Then the two cranes flew to the Great Lakes. They tasted of many kinds of fish. They came to the rapids in the outlet of the lake white men call Lake Superior. Many fish were in this outlet; every day the fish seemed more plentiful than the day before.

"We will find food here forever. We will make our home here," said the two cranes.

They flew away from fishing in the waters. The two cranes stood on a little hill near the rapids and folded their wings closely to their sides. The Great Spirit saw their faith, and they were changed into a man and a woman. Among the Ojibways there is a tribe called the Cranes, who believe they are the children of these two cranes sent by the Great Spirit to the earth.



MOKI BASKET WEAVER

From a Photograph

VII. STORY OF THE FIRST MAN AND WOMAN

(Chippewa)

THE Great Manitou had his home in the Land of Peace. Before he became a man and his face was cut in the stone, he was a great bird and his nest was in the pipestone rocks.

He fed on the wild buffaloes that lived on the prairies. He could carry two buffaloes in his claws; he always ate them near his nest; this is why the rocks are red.

The tracks of the manitou bird can be seen near the Land of Peace. The Indians know where to find these tracks and will show them to the white man.

The Great Serpent is older than mankind. He was alive before the first man was made. He found the nest of the manitou bird; there was one egg in the nest. The manitou heard the egg move. He was miles away,

but he flew with a great rock in his claws and killed the serpent. The rock broke open the egg, and out of it came a grown man, but the rock lay upon his feet and he could not walk. He had to stand in one place, for the manitou bird would not set him free until he knew many things.

The man learned how to hunt the buffalo, for he could see many miles. He learned how to tan and use the buffalo skin; he learned the language of birds; they would come when he would call their names; he learned how to make and use the bow and arrow.

The manitou bird covered the man with a great buffalo skin, but his head was not covered, for he had much black hair. The first man was slow to learn and he stood many moons in his place in the pipestone rocks; nothing came to hurt him.

When he had learned much, he woke one morning and found a woman standing beside him. The manitou bird pulled away the stone from the feet of the man. He shook his wings and the man and woman ran to the prairie.

These two were the first of all people. They were Indians. All mankind know they were the first to live on the earth.

VIII. GIANTS AND FAIRIES

THE Indians in the forest have many stories of giants. The red men are very proud of their own people, who can lift the greatest weight, run the fastest races, or suffer the most pain without making a sound. You see the Indian is not so very different in some ways from the white man.

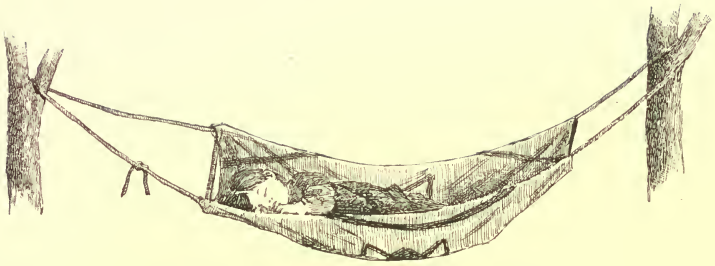
Kwasind, among the Chippewas, was a strong weedigo, or giant. He it was that threw the rock into the Sault Ste. Marie. He could not be hurt except in one place; that was in the back of his head. Kwasind was foolish enough to tell this to one of the little water people. He told a little nibanabas that if the little people of the forest, the pukwudjinnies, could hit him with cones from the pine trees, he would die. But he knew he was very tall, and the pukwudjinnies were no larger than a little papoose.

The little people of the forest soon heard the secret. They left the shores of the swift river and went to look for pine cones. They found them and brought many

back. They hid by the river until Kwasind came in his great canoe asleep; the nibanabas had sung him to sleep. The little people threw their cones into the canoe and hit Kwasind on the back of his head. The wicked giant never hurt any one again.

There was another giant who lived near Narragansett Bay. His wife grew angry with him and went across the bay to live alone. If a fisherman drifted near her wigwam by the shore, she always turned him into a great rock. A terrible storm came from the sea and washed away these rocks and her wigwam; after that the fishermen were not afraid.

Adapted from Schoolcraft.



IX. WEENK THE SLEEP-BRINGER AND HIS WARRIORS

(Ojibway)

WEENK is the sandman of the Ojibway or Chippewa children. He comes every night and brings so many tiny warriors with him that each eyelid is conquered and closed till morning.

The Ojibway mother puts her papoose to sleep in a tiny hammock made of bark, fastened with sinew thongs and lined with soft, dry moss. She sings strange slumber songs to the wee one, and the older children stand by her in the summer evenings and whisper little stories of Weenk and his warriors.

"Weenk is a bee as big as a buffalo," they say. "He has bees' wings instead of hair. The wings sing and sing. They buzz and buzz. He is always sleepy. He brings sleep to children. The little one must go to sleep; Weenk has come.

"Weenk is a good man. He brings many little manitous to help him, and they go everywhere. There is one on the papoose's eyelid now. They are dancing in the little one's hair. Buzz, buzz, buzz."

"Here is a war club one of the little manitous has lost," a sister will say as she picks up a tiny hair.

"Here is a feather from a scalp lock," says another, as she holds up a fiber from some feather. So the fun goes on until finally the little papoose is asleep.

"We will fight Weenk," say the children, and then there is a battling of empty hands in the air, while they sing "Buzz, buzz, buzz."

"Wewahsta has lighted her lamp," says the squaw mother as she sees the evening star. Then the children know it is time for them to lie down to sleep, and soon the wigwam is still.

The story of buzzing Weenk and his band is fresh every evening, for they always tell new stories of what the little warriors can do. Sometimes they come on the fireflies, and sometimes the mosquitoes and busy gnats bring them. Indian children are much like their white brothers and sisters and find sport in many things.

KIOWA PAPOOSE IN ITS CRADLE

From a Photograph

X. THE LITTLE PEOPLE OF THE SENECAS

(Iroquois)

TWO Indians from the Seneca Reservation went hunting; they went on a long trail, but at last found a place where the deer come to eat the salt that is in the sand; it is called a "salt lick." The Indians waited in the trees until many deer came; they shot at the deer, which fell like wild ducks when the rice is ripe.

The Indians had to throw away much meat in order to save the skins for leather. There was more meat than the wolves could eat, but the hunters shot many deer every day, until no more came.

The hunters went on carrying great rolls of deerskin, which were very heavy. They were hungry, but found nothing but acorns to eat. They became very weak and said: "Our wigwams will see us no more. We shall starve, and the deerskins will never be used."

They sat by a great rock. One of the hunters hit the rock with a stick, and a little man appeared.

The little one said: "You are starving because you killed and did not eat. You fed the wolves; now the wolves will feed on you. We have driven the deer to another forest, where they may live and be found by other hunters. You were selfish. You wanted all the deerskins in the forest. You were not wise."

"What shall we do to get food?" said the hunters.

"You may have meat if you will give up all the deerskins. My people have said it," said the little one.

"We must have the skins, and we must have food. Ask your chief to let us have the skins for our wigwams. We will be wise when we see the deer again at the salt licks," said the older hunter.

"I will go to my chief. Hit on this rock again when you want me," said the little one.

The Indians rapped on the rock again when the sun was setting. The little one came and led the way to a great cave filled with food and furs. They ate and slept. At midnight they were awakened by many of the little people, who said that the hunters might take their packs of skins and all the food they wished from the cave if they would never again shoot the deer to feed the wolves. The hunters promised and soon were in a strange, sound sleep. When they awoke they were near their homes.

Adapted from Powell's Report.

XI. THE HUNTER WHO COULD FLY

(Iroquois)

AN Indian had been out hunting all day. His arrows had never come back; they brought him nothing; he was tired and hungry; he had no more arrows. Just then he came to a lake on which many wild geese were swimming, and he wanted some meat. He would have it.

He saw some young saplings growing at the foot of a basswood tree. He tore off long strips of bark from these and then dived into the lake under the geese where he saw hundreds of their feet. He tied many of their feet together, and then fastened them to his belt.

The geese began to scream, and the flock rose from the water. He had tied six geese to his belt; they were strong, and the geese lifted the hunter out of the water and flew with him to the flock.

He cut three geese loose; the other three broke the strings which tied them. The Indian dropped down, down, into a tall hollow stump. He was hungry, but he went to sleep.

After two days he heard squaws trying to cut down the stump; they ran away when he called to them. The Indian men came and found him; they got him out and gave him food.

The Indians gave him arrows, and he made himself a new bow; these he took and went on a long hunt. He came to a place where there were many deer, and he had much meat and many deerskins. The hunter remembered how the geese had carried him in the air. He made wings of the deerskins; he learned how to fly with the wings, for the birds taught him.

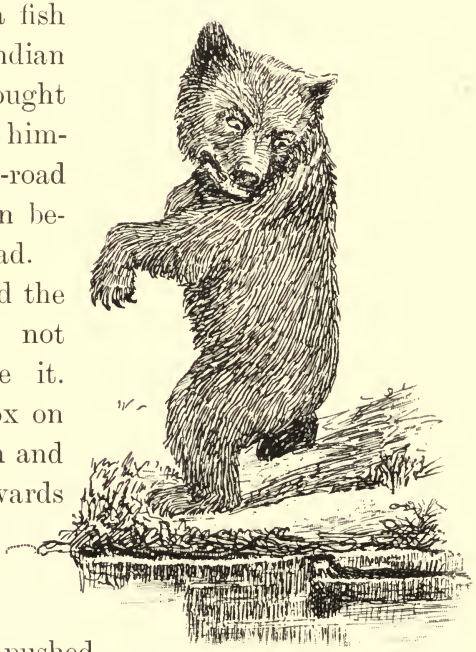
The hunter was very far from his tribe. It was a long trail to his village. He said to the birds that he would fly to his tribe, and he did. When it was night he slept in the trees; when it was day the hunter flew until he was hungry, then he stopped and found something to eat.

He reached his village; his tribe saw him and thought a spirit had come. They called a great council, and the hunter told his story; then he burned his wings. No other Indian was ever seen to fly in the air.

XII. HOW THE BEAR LOST HIS TAIL

(Iroquois)

AN old fox saw an Indian with a sled-load of fish. The fox wanted a fish, but was afraid of the man. How could he get a fish without letting the Indian know? At last he thought of a plan. He laid himself down by the sled-road and made the Indian believe that he was dead.



The Indian wanted the fox's skin, but did not have time to take it. He threw the old fox on the sled with the fish and pulled the big load towards his wigwam.

While the Indian was hard at work pulling, the old fox pushed off two or three good fish and rolled off himself. In a minute he was out of sight with the fish.

The fox met a wolf who asked him, "Where did you get the fish?"

The fox did not like the wolf, but told him the trick he had played on the Indian.

"It is easy. Go and do it," said the fox.

The stupid wolf ran away, and after seeing the Indian, lay down and waited as the fox had told him. The Indian found him, but he was not to be fooled twice by the same trick. He pounded the old wolf with the stout stick he used for a cane. The wolf jumped up very sore and ran away to find the fox. He did not find him.

A bear saw the fox eating the fish while the wolf was gone.

"Where did your fish come from?" asked the bear.

"Follow that road down to the river and you will find a fishing place. Put that long bushy tail of yours into the water. Wait until the fish bite it, then snatch them out."

The bear ran down to the river and did just as the fox had told him, but the fishing place froze over while the bear waited for the fish to bite. The bear did not know this, for his back was turned to the water. It was a very cold day, and the bear thought he would walk and get warm. He tried to get up, and his tail broke off short in the ice.

The bear ran so fast that he found the fox, and he wanted to fight him.

"I have done nothing," said the fox. "It is all because you are so slow."

The bear never had a long tail after that time. The fox never lost his fine one.

Kaanerwah, Iroquois Chief.

XIII. THE BLUE HERON AND THE WOLF

(Algonquin)

A BIG blue heron was standing in a marsh near a river. Two weasels wanted to cross the river. The weasels talked with each other.

"That is a beautiful bird," said the mother weasel, "see how high he carries his head."

"He is as tall as a tree," said the little weasel. "If I were as tall as he, I would carry you across this little river."

The big blue heron was pleased, for he liked to be called tall. He was proud and could carry his head very high, but he stooped and spoke to the two weasels.

"I cannot carry you over this little river, but I will help you. You must follow me to the end of the old tree that lies almost across the river; then I will lie down and stick my bill in the bank, and you walk on my legs and body for a bridge."

The weasels followed the blue heron, and when he lay down they ran across over his body to the river bank.

They were very light and quick. They did not wet their feet.

An old wolf was watching them all. He wanted to cross the river, and when the blue heron came back the wolf asked him to do the same thing that he had done for the weasels.

"I have always wondered what use you were in the world. Now I see that you and your family would make good bridges. Your long neck is very thin, but it might hold if one were as quick as a weasel. Come, my friend, help a poor wolf that is hungry and in trouble."

The blue heron was too proud to be used as a bridge for every one. The wolf saw that he had not asked in the right way, so he began again.

"You must be a very stout bird. Your feathers are very fine, but they cover a stout body. My grandfather has said that two herons can carry a load of fish, but you could carry such a load alone."

The heron looked at the wolf and told him to get up on his back.

"I will carry you," said the heron.

The wolf showed all his teeth in a grin as he got on the heron's back. The heron waded to the middle of the stream and said:

"I am only half as strong as two herons, so I can carry you only halfway. You must wait here until you

find another heron as foolish as I am, to carry you the rest of the way."

The heron flapped his wings and flew back to his place in the marsh. The wolf could not wait to find another foolish heron, but went straight to the bottom of the river.

Moki weaving. Clay Dishes and Tools in Background

From a Photograph

XIV. THE LITTLE WOLF BROTHER

A WIGWAM stood alone by a great forest. There were five people in it for a long time; these were the father, mother, one daughter, and two sons. Before the winter was over only the children were left, for the old warrior and his squaw had gone to the Happy Hunting Grounds. The girl and the oldest boy promised faithfully to care for their little brother, who was weak and suffered often from sickness.

For twelve moons the older boy hunted and fished and brought food to the wigwam; then he told his sister that he must go with some braves he had seen in the forest, and be a great warrior like his father.

"But you promised to stay until the little one was grown tall. You promised our father and our mother."

"It is a squaw's work to care for the children; you can do it. I am brave; I must fight," said the oldest brother.

"You are not brave, and you have not a straight tongue. It is not well to do as you are doing. When you go on the warpath you will lose your arrows, and your scalp will hang to the belt of your enemy. Come back," said the sister.

The boy ran from his sister's call into the grove of great trees. He jumped on his pony and rode away to the band of warriors he had seen.

The sister and the little brother lived together in the wigwam until the wild geese had come and gone three times from the lake in the forest. They saw no one but the wild deer and the other animals. They planted their corn and tried to be happy; but the girl grew very lonely, and one day when she saw another wigwam across the lake she felt like the young wolf they had tied to a tree near the wigwam.

"Come, let us go and see who is across the lake," she said to the little one.

"I cannot walk so far; you have not made me new moccasins. I am hungry; give me more meat," was his answer.

"You shall have much meat," said the girl, but she was very angry. She killed the pet wolf when the boy did not see, and made a great kettle of soup from its flesh and the water in the lake. She put her own moccasins and her new suit on the buffalo robe which was their bed, and while the little brother was playing at hunting she ran away to the wigwam they had seen.

"You are welcome," said the old squaw who came out to meet her. "Where are your people?"

"They are all dead," said the girl.

The squaw gave her a good supper and said, "You may live with me."

The little brother cried when he could not find his sister, and went to look for his pet wolf. He called to it in the wolf language but got no answer. The little one ate his soup, and putting on his sister's moccasins lay down on the buffalo robe and went to sleep. He hunted all day after he awoke in the morning, but could not find his sister.

"I will ask the wolves," he said, as he heard a pack growling in the forest.

He called to them in the wolf language and asked if they had seen his sister or his little pet wolf.

"We found a wolf's head near your wigwam, and we smelled the tracks of some one that went around the lake," said the leader wolf.

"My brother has gone, my sister has gone, my little wolf has gone; I shall starve and freeze," said the boy.

"Come with us," said the leader wolf; "come and be one of us."

The boy ran after the pack, and as he ran he began to chant:

I am changing into a wolf.
The wolves are better than my brother;
The wolves are better than my sister.
I am changing into a wolf.

He ran very slowly; the wolves began to howl as if some strange creature were near, and the boy saw his own brother in a tree over his head. The older brother begged the wolves to go away. The little one was now a wolf, and he called to the pack to follow him, for he had found the track of a deer.

The brother knew his voice and said, "Let me die, for my brother that I deserted has become a wolf." He fell from the tree, but the wolves did not eat him, for his little wolf brother told them who the man was.

"Let him live. He is not good enough for wolves to eat," said the leader; but to the brother who had done wrong life was worse than being torn by wolves. The band of warriors deserted him in the forest, and he never went on the warpath again.

Adapted from Schoolcraft.

XV. THE GOOD BEAR AND THE LOST BOY

(Iroquois)

BOY went out to hunt and crawled into a great hole where porcupines lived. He wanted to get some of the young ones. The dirt fell into the hole behind him and shut him in with the porcupines.

The boy cried himself to sleep, for he knew his father could not find him. When he awoke he saw the mother porcupine as big as a squaw. She gave him some food, but he could not eat. The food was bitter.

The porcupine squaw said, "I will call a council, for I do not know what to feed you."

The council was held in the woods close by. Wolves, bears, foxes, and deer came. The mother sent her young porcupines to call these animals to the council. The boy was glad he had not hurt any one in the porcupine's cave.

The mother porcupine stood in the council and said: "I have found this creature in the house I have made

for my little ones. He is hungry, but he cannot eat what my children eat. Tell me what to give him so that he may live."

A great gray fox rose then and answered: "I live on geese and the birds of the forest. He is the child of the red man. The red man has fire and clay. He cooks his food; I do not."

The council decided that the fox should not take the boy.

A wolf stood in the council: "I have many cubs in my den. They are always hungry. I am always hungry. It is better for the boy never to see the place where I sleep."

And the council agreed that the wolf mother should not take the boy.

The deer did not stand. His head was covered with tall antlers. He sat and looked with kind eyes at the man-child. He said: "I have hidden my family in the thick bushes. They are safe while I am in this council. We feed on wild grass and the tender leaves of the trees. We love one another, but there are many who hunt us. The child could never run as we run. Our eyes see much. We see, we hear, and we run. The child has two feet; we have four. He could not follow us."

The council said that the deer should not take the boy.

The bear rose on his hind legs and said: "I feed on nuts. My little ones are warm and not hungry. I will take the boy."

The council said that the bear was wise. The boy should go with him, and all the other animals would help to gather the nuts for his feeding. The council fire was put out, and each one went home. The boy followed the bear to a hole in a great tree. The mother bear and the cubs welcomed him, and the boy was happy.

He learned to talk as the bears talk and to walk like them. Nothing hurt him, and he was never hungry. Some Indians saw the father bear one day and chased him. Then they found the mother and her cubs, and all were killed.

The boy hid in the hollow tree. The Indians found him and took him away. He was very wild and did not love his people, for they had killed the bears.

The Indian boy was kept in the wigwam. He learned the ways of his people again, but never did he shoot or trap a bear.

TEEPEE VILLAGE

From a Photograph

XVI. LEGEND OF NIAGARA FALLS

(Seneca)

AN old war chief came to the wigwam of Red Eagle. The old chief wanted to marry the young daughter of Red Eagle. He brought many furs and much food to pay for her. Red Eagle told his daughter that this old chief was to be her husband.

White Cloud was the name of the girl. She shed many tears when the war chief was gone. She was afraid to show her dislike before.

Red Eagle said: "He has brought his presents to us. We have taken them. We cannot give them back. He is a great war chief, and we cannot offend him."

White Cloud knew that no one on earth could help her. She could not live. Her wigwam was near the water. She jumped into her canoe, but she did not know what she was doing, for she paddled far out into the river. The rapids were near, and the dashing water carried her little boat down the rapids to the falls of the great waters.

Hinun, the god of clouds and rain, lived under the great falls. His wigwam was behind the falling waters. He saw the maiden in her canoe. He rushed out from

his hiding place and spread his great wings. He caught the boat before it was dashed to pieces on the rocks, and carried White Cloud to his cave behind the falling waters.

Here White Cloud lived many weeks. Hinun taught her many ways of healing. He told her why so many of her village had sickened and had gone from earth. There was an evil spirit under the ground on which her people lived. If she would wait in his wigwam he would kill it.

Hinun came back from watching the harvest of corn, and told her that the old war chief was dead. She could go back to her own wigwam, and he carried her back on his wings to the shore. She remembered the medicines he had taught her.

Red Eagle was glad to see his daughter again. Her mother was sick with grief for her. White Cloud cured her by standing beside her bed. She cured many with the new medicines.

White Cloud begged of the tribe to move to a better place for their village. She told them all that Hinun had said. They moved the village to another place, but the evil spirit followed them.

Hinun came and found the evil spirit. He struck it with lightning from the clouds. The evil spirit was killed. It was like a great serpent, as long as twenty arrow flights. It floated down the waters of Niagara.

Its body lodged between the rocks. It was so heavy it bent the rocks. It bent them like a horseshoe, and they are that shape to this day.

When the evil spirit was gone from under their village there was no more fever. Hinun helped White Cloud in many ways, and she told these things to her people. Hinun does not live behind the falling waters in these days, for when the Indians left he went away.

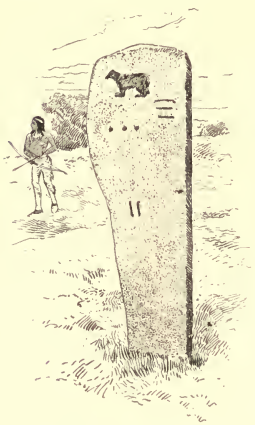
Adapted from "Iroquois Myths," Powell's Report.

XVII. HOW THE INDIANS CAME TO KNOW MEDICINE PLANTS

(Tuscarora)

CHIEF MT. PLEASANT, of the band that has the Bear totem, tells this story:

Many winters ago a poor, sickly old man came to an Indian village. In front of each wigwam was placed a skin on a pole to show what totem belonged to the family. Over some wigwams hung a beaver skin; that was the totem or sign of the tribe of Beaver Indians. Over other wigwams hung deerskins; that was the totem of the Deer tribe.



The old man stopped at each wigwam and asked for food and a place to sleep during that night. He looked so sick that the families who had the Wolf, the Turtle, and the Heron totems all refused him a chance to enter their wigwams.

He went the whole length of the village, and at last he saw a wigwam with a bearskin hanging over it. A

kind old squaw came out of this wigwam and brought food to him, and spread out skins for his bed. The old man felt very sick. He told her what plants to gather in the woods to make him well.

The squaw gathered these plants and did as he told her with them; the sores on his feet were healed and he was better very soon. She promised not to forget the secret of the healing plants.

In a few days he was taken with a fever; again he told the old squaw what plants and leaves to go out and gather for him. She did so, and it was not long before he was well. She promised again not to forget what she had learned.

Many times he fell sick; each time it was with a new sickness. Each time he told the squaw what to find that would heal him. The squaw learned more than all her nation knew of medicine.

One morning the old man told her that he had come to her village just to teach the people the secrets which she now knew. No one had welcomed him but the Bear band.

The old man said: "I am going away from this people now. I came to do them good. No one but you would show kindness to the stranger. When you see the sun again, you will find a young hemlock tree growing by the door of your wigwam. It will grow taller than any tree that you or your tribe have seen.

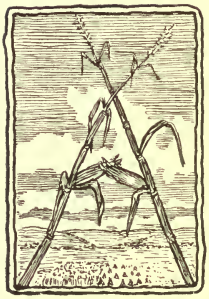
"This will show that the Bear tribe is the greatest. All the tribes shall come to the Bear tribe for help in sickness. You will show them the plants, roots, and leaves that can heal their sick people."

When the old man was done talking he went out of sight. No one has ever seen him since that morning. The Bears have become strong, and their warriors are very brave. Their medicine men can do more than the medicine men of other tribes.

Arranged from Powell's Report.

XVIII. MONDAHMIN, WHO GAVE THE CORN

(Chippewa)



MANITOU lived alone in the land. Wunaumon was his name. He was brave. All the animals feared him. He was a great hunter and the son of Menabozho.

Wunaumon walked all the day through a great woods. When he came out of the woods he saw a great prairie; it was wide, like a lake of land. Wunaumon saw trees on the further side of the prairie.

"I will see what is in that forest," he said. His steps were long, and he was soon almost across the prairie.

Wunaumon stopped like a deer that is startled. He was not afraid, but he saw a strange sight. A stranger came out of the forest across the prairie. He came to meet Wunaumon.

"Where are you going?" said the stranger. Then he lifted a pipe of peace, and Wunaumon took it. They were friends now.

The stranger was short. He had a red feather in his scalp lock. His coat was stiff and shiny. He did

not wear deerskin. They sat down on the prairie. They smoked the pipe of peace.

"I am very strong," said Wunaumon. "How strong are you?"

"I am strong as a man," said the stranger.

"My name is Wunaumon; what is yours?"

"We will wrestle. If you throw me, I will tell you my name. You will win much from me if I fall. Let us try our strength."

Wunaumon stood up on the prairie. He was very tall and strong.

"Come, Red Feather," he said.

"That is not my name," the stranger answered. "If I fall, you shall know my name. You shall have a great gift. You must conquer me. The gift is for all your people."

It was morning when the two began to wrestle. They were both very strong. One could not make the other fall. They had no more breath. They stopped and began again. They did this many times. It was a great battle.

The sun began to go down. Wunaumon thought that the sun was ashamed to see his weakness. Wunaumon put his feet very hard on the ground. He grew very fierce. His arms were strong like the legs of a bear. There was a great noise. "Red Feather, I have made you fall," said he; "what is your name?"

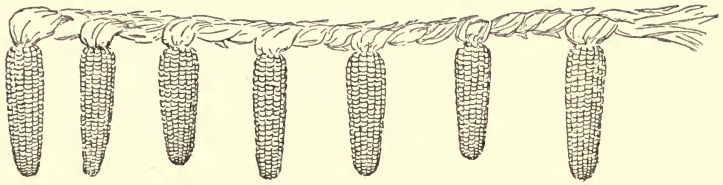
"My name is Mondahmin. My body is my gift to you. Cover me with the fine dust where we have wrestled. Come to this place often. You will see me again. I will bring gifts out of this prairie to your people."

Wunaumon covered Mondahmin. He went into the forest and waited one moon. He came back to the place of wrestling. Two green feathers were waving in the air above the little hill he had made. A voice like singing came out of the green plumes.

"This is the corn, the gift of Mondahmin. Watch this plant and take the seeds to the tribe that lives nearest you. Tell them to make a feast to Mondahmin in the Moon of Fruits."

Wunaumon took the corn in the month of fruits. He told the tribe to keep the feast. The gift of Mondahmin was good. It saved the people from hunger.

Schoolcraft.



XIX. THE MARRIAGE OF MONDAHMIN

(Pottawottomi)

THE old chiefs tell the young men, and all who will listen, that two great spirits rule the world. One is very good, but the other does only wicked things. The Good Spirit made the world and filled it full of men and women. The wicked spirit would not let one person thank the Good Spirit for his gifts to them.

All tribes had much food, for there were many deer, elk, and buffalo, and the rivers were full of fish. Water, light, and fire were given to every one; but not one gave thanks for these things. They forgot the Good Spirit and the bad spirit was glad. He showed them how to fight and to make war.

The Good Spirit did not like to have men forget him. He lifted up the whole world and dropped it into a great lake. All the people were drowned excepting one young chief who had kindness in his heart. He gave thanks for his life, and a sister was given to him, for the wigwams were empty and he was alone. He called his sister White Earth.

The young chief dreamed that five strangers came to see his sister. The Good Spirit whispered to his heart that she must not see nor speak to one of them until the fifth one came to her wigwam. If she did not say anything nor see them, they would give her greater gifts than she could ask. She must not be afraid if they fell down with no more life in them when she did not answer. But all the world would be happy if she smiled and welcomed the fifth stranger.

They came the next day. The first one was tall and wore a green blanket. White Earth did not look nor answer him when he spoke.

The stranger stood very still, and then his blanket changed into leaves, and Usama the tobacco plant fell down to the ground.

The next visitor was very short and round. He could not walk fast. The girl did not say one word when he asked her to look at him. She did not see him, but her brother was watching, and he laughed when Wapako the pumpkin rolled over and down the hill. The girl was very wise and knew how to keep silent.

Eshkossim the melon and Kokees the bean came together and called to White Earth the maiden to welcome them. She did not answer, and they fell down the same as the two who had come before them.

Soon she heard a strong voice calling to her the fifth time. The girl untied the strings that fastened her

door, and looking up she saw a very tall chief with feathers in his scalp lock. She loved his voice, for it was like the wind in the pine trees. She said: "You are welcome, Dahmin. I will take you to my brother. He will call you Mondahmin."

The brother gave his sister White Earth to Mondahmin, for the Good Spirit had sent him to her.

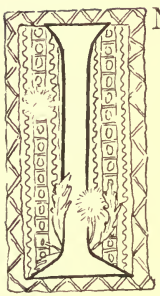
After the wedding feast a great wind came, and then much rain. In a few days the ground was covered with the green leaves of growing plants. Usama the tobacco had come with all of his tribe to give gifts to the great chief Mondahmin the corn plant. Wapako the pumpkin, Eshkossim the melon, and Kokees the bean, all brought many gifts to Mondahmin and his wife. They promised to bring the same gifts each year as long as the rains should come and the sun give his light and make them warm.

Mondahmin and his wife gave thanks to the Good Spirit. They taught their children these things. The Indians call Mondahmin their grandfather, and they do all the things he told them. The Indians do not forget to give thanks for the corn, bean, pumpkin, and melon.

Schoolcraft.

XX. THE PRAIRIE DANDELION

(Algonquin)



N the Southland, flat upon the ground, lies the spirit of the south wind. He is a very fat and very lazy old man. His eyes are always toward the cool north, but he will not stir from his resting place.

When he sighs the air is filled with warm breezes. In the autumn his breath is filled with the odor of apples and all manner of fruits. He sends the golden Indian Summer to the Northland. Shawondasee is the name of this spirit of the south wind.

One day, while looking toward the prairies of the north, he saw a beautiful girl with yellow hair standing on the plains in the west. Every morning for days he saw this maiden, and she seemed more lovely each day.

But another morning when he opened his sleepy eyes and looked, the yellow locks on the maiden's head were changed to fleecy white.

"Ah! my brother, the strong north wind, has been more swift than I, as he ever is. He has put his frost crown on the maiden's head. I will mourn for her."

Shawondasee heaved a number of warm sighs, and as the pleasant south breezes reached the maiden the air seemed filled with tiny feathers. The maiden had vanished with her crown.

It was no Indian maiden. It was only the prairie dandelion, and the crown that Shawondasee thought the north wind had given her was only her crown of feathery seeds; but the lazy Shawondasee never knew the secret, and mourned for his loss and envied his brother.

Schoolcraft.

XXI. THE SHADOW CANOE

A Legend of Minnehaha Falls

(Dakota)

IN a wigwam by the Falls of Minnehaha lived an Indian brave with his family. Ampata was his wife, and two happy children played in the sunshine around his wigwam. The little family went in the winter with their tribe farther south, and the smoke of their village fires could be seen for many miles.

Here Ampata embroidered the moccasins with colored quills and grasses; these moccasins were for her husband and her children. Here she made the buckskin suit for her hunter. She sewed it with strings of sinew saved from the deer whose skin she had carefully tanned.

They all went back to the north in the summer time, back to the fall of waters in the Great Father of Waters and to the Falls of Minnehaha. There was good fishing in these waters, and their wigwam stayed there all the summer.

In the north she wove baskets of willows and baked dishes of clay. She found the red clay and the yellow for her husband's war paint; he was a great warrior and wore two eagle feathers in his scalp lock.

The braves of her tribe had a great battle with the Ojibways. Her husband was like two men; he helped drive the Ojibways back to their own fishing grounds. There was a great feast after the battle; the warriors sang and told how brave they had been. Her husband sang a long song and made a great speech.

After this he told her that he was a great warrior now and must have two wives; he was going to marry the chief's daughter. Ampata mourned, but he forgot her.

Ampata fled to her father's tent and took her two children with her. She went to the south with her father when winter came; in the spring she came back to the Falls of Minnehaha with her tribe.

Her husband did not come for her, and she was alone with her children. All the warriors went to hunt the buffalo on the prairie.

There had been much rain, and the river was wide and deep. Ampata put her two children into a canoe, and taking the paddle got in herself and pushed far out into the river. The women called to her to come back, but she pushed away faster toward the falls. The canoe leaped over the falls, and Ampata and her

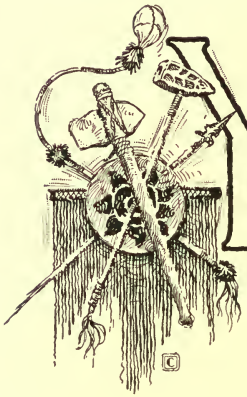
MINNEHAHA FALLS IN SUMMER

From a Photograph

two children passed to the Happy Hunting Ground of the other world.

Every spring the Indians say that on moonlit nights they can see the shadow canoe of Ampata leaping over the falls. They say white elk and white deer watch it from the shore.

XXII. AN INDIAN TEMPERANCE SPEECH



YANNAHAR, the brave chief, stood up in his wigwam before his fellow chiefs and spoke these words:

"Brothers, hear! and with the heart keep my words. My father, Kimanchee, was a noble chief. He was light of foot; the wind only was quicker. His strong arm was as a branch of the mountain oak. Joy was with him when he came from hunting. His arrow never came back without meat. The eye of my father never grew dim; his strength grew with the days.

"Kimanchee came to the council fires. He and his brother chiefs smoked the pipe of peace. Then the warpath was overgrown with grass. Peace came like the Father of Waters; joy like the leaping waters on the mountain. These were the blessings of Kimanchee and his brothers. They drank at the spring in the forest and grew strong.

"But where is Kimanchee, Swift-foot-of-the-prairie? The Fire Spirit came like the clouds of the north.

Fire and death were on his wings. The shadows of darkness were before him, and the clouds and coldness of the night fell upon his track.

"The red man fell before the Fire Spirit like the leaves of the forest before the fierce wind. Kimanchee's eyes grew dim, his arm fell. His swift foot turned from the hunting trail. His arrow came back to him no more. His step was like the buffalo that has been shot.

"He slept with his dog in the sun; when he stood up, his strength was gone. Kimanchee fell. The joy that stood by the door of his wigwam stands there no more.

"He fell like a tree in summer. He fell like a tree torn by lightning, with its green leaves withered on its branches. The red man fell before the fire-water like the green leaves of the forest before the storm wind.

"This is the curse of the fire-water. Kimanchee, Swift-foot-of-the-prairie, is no more. The Fire Spirit has taken my father. His heart is drowned in the fire-water."

XXIII. THE GIRL WHO BECAME A PINE TREE

(Ojibway)

N the shores of Gitchee Gumee, the Big Sea Water, were many forests. Manitouwah was a sacred grove of great trees by the water. Many pukwudjinnies, or little people, lived among these trees.

Near by was an Indian village of many teepees; in one teepee lived Leelinaw with her father and mother. She loved the great trees. She came very often to sit in their dark shadows and hear their leaves whisper to the blue water.

One day a famous old war chief came to her father's teepee with gifts. Leelinaw ran to the grove, for she did not love the old war chief. Her father took his gifts, and she was to be the old war chief's bride. Her heart was very heavy.

The stranger went away for a time. Leelinaw came back and said: "His voice and his people are strange to me. Leelinaw will go with him, for her father commands her to do it; but first let your child have one more day in the grove by the Big Sea Water." The

mother knew her child's heart, and the father said it should be as Leelinaw had asked.

She ran back to the grove and leaning against a tall tree told to it her sorrow. A voice came to her heart from the rustling leaves. She understood the tree's language.

It said: "Lean on me, Leelinaw; I am strong. I will help you. Stay here in the pleasant forest by the Big Sea Water. All the trees will miss you, but I love you best of all. Stay with us forever."

The gentle voice of the leaves comforted Leelinaw. She went back to the teepee. In the morning she dressed herself in the robe of white deerskin which her mother had made. She took some wild rice in her hand and went away.

She did not come back at sunset; then her parents believed that the war chief had carried away his bride; but the next day he came asking for Leelinaw or his gifts.

The parents called the men of the village together and searched through the forest. The father gave back his gifts to the war chief, for Leelinaw could not be found.

Three moons had gone when two Indians in their birch-bark canoe saw Leelinaw sitting by the Big Sea Water watching them. Beside her stood a tall brave with green feathers in his hair. The two Indians in

the boat called to the two on the shore. Leelinaw waved her hand to them. Then they could see her no more, but two tall pines stood in the place where she and the brave had been resting. No trees had been there before.

Then the two Indians went to the village and told the father and mother of Leelinaw. "The little people have done this thing," said the parents. "Let us take gifts to the two pine trees."

They did so, and the pine leaves sang sweet songs to them, but the parents thought it was only the summer wind.

APACHE WOMAN WITH HER HANDIWORK. YUCCA PLANT IN FOREGROUND

From a Photograph

XXIV. THE WHITE STONE CANOE

(Chippewa)

AN Indian girl died on her wedding day. She was married to a young chief of the Chippewas.

The chief was brave, but his heart was not strong enough to bear this loss. There was no more peace for him from that hour. He went often to her burial wigwam, the wigwam of the dead. He forgot war and hunting. He pushed aside his war club and his hunting arrows.

He had heard his people say that there was a path that led to the Happy Land of Souls. He told his people he was going to find this path and seek this Happy Land. He made ready his bow and his arrows. He set out on his journey, and his dog followed him. He did not know which way to go at first. He only knew that he must go toward the south.

For a while he could see no change in the face of the country. Hills, valleys, forests, and rivers had the same look as in his own land. There was snow when he started. He could see it now piled thick on the trees and the bushes.

At last there was no more snow. The trees were covered with buds; everything seemed bright and cheerful. He knew that he had come to the land of spring. The air was warm; there were no dark snow clouds in the sky. A field of blue was over his head, and a field of green was at his feet. He saw flowers around him; he knew he was far from the land of snow and ice.

Birds sang in the trees; all signs showed him that he was on the right trail, for he had heard his tribe tell of these things.

He went on. At last the trail he was following was lost. He saw ahead of him a new path covered with flowers; this showed that he was near the end of his journey. The path led him through a grove, then up a long hilly ridge, at the top of which he came to a wigwam or lodge.

At the door of this lodge stood an old chief with hair like the snow on the mountain. His eyes shone like the fire in a cave, for his eyebrows were thick and white. He held a staff in his hands, and a long robe of skins was thrown over his shoulders.

The young Chippewa began to tell his story. The old chief stopped him.

"I have expected you," he said, "and have just come to my door to welcome you. The one you seek rested in my lodge. The sun has set but three times

since she left. Come in; when your feet have found rest I will show you where to find her."

The Chippewa sat down in the lodge and rested. "I am ready," he said very soon, and the old chief led the Chippewa to the door. There they stood and looked at the great prairies below.

"That is the Land of Souls," said the white-haired chief; "my lodge is the gateway. Only your soul can go into that land. Leave your body here; leave here your bundle, your bow and arrows, and your dog. You will find them all safe here when you come back."

The Chippewa obeyed. The dog guarded his master's burdens, while the freed traveler leaped forward as if flying. He had no guide.

Everything kept its natural color and shape, except that all things were more bright, more beautiful than ever before. There were animals near him, but even the little rabbit showed no fear.

One strange thing he noticed from the first. His going was not stopped by trees nor rocks, for nothing hindered him. He could go through whatever was in his path. They were only the souls or shadows of trees. He was only a shadow himself in a land of shadows.

Soon he reached a large lake; he saw a green island in the center of it. The white-haired chief had told him when he left the lodge that he would find this lake, and on its shore he would meet his lost bride.

He saw no one, but a beautiful canoe of shining white stone was tied to a rock at his feet, and a shining paddle lay in it. He stepped into the canoe and lifting the paddle turned round. He saw his bride in another stone canoe at his side.

The two canoes left the shore like two white swans. Great waves came on the lake. The white stone canoes rode on the top of the waves.

The Great Manitou was good. The Chippewa and his bride reached the Happy Island of Rest. Here they sat and talked of their happiness. They forgot that they had ever suffered; all things made them happy.

The Great Manitou talked to the Chippewa chief in a soft wind.

"Go back," said the voice, "go back to the land of the Chippewas and teach them. The white-haired chief at the lodge at the gate will tell you many things. Y have many winters to see before you can stay here forever. Your bride will wait for you on the Island of Rest."

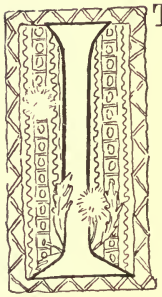
The soft wind grew still. The young chief awoke. His dog was by his side. Great peace was in the young chief's heart,—but his journey was only a dream.

He came back to his life and his work. He taught his people many things. He was very brave. Before he died he told his people his dream, and his tribe gave him a great name, for he had done much good to his people.

Schoolcraft.

XXV. THE GREAT BEAR IN THE SKY

(Iroquois)



T seems strange that the Iroquois should have named our Big Dipper with the other name by which we also know it. They called it the Great Bear, and pointed it out to the white man in early days.

The Iroquois have this story about the Great Bear in the sky:

Seven braves were chasing a bear, which ran from the woods to a mountain. This mountain was the ho e of a stone giant; all but three hunters were destroyed by the falling stones which he threw.

The three hunters with the bear were lifted up into the sky by the spirits of the four winds.

The bear can be seen in the sky. He is followed by the first hunter, who has his bow in his hand. The second hunter comes next with a kettle. The third hunter is far behind them all, and he is gathering sticks.

The first hunter shoots at the bear in the Moon of Falling Leaves. The red maple leaves and the leaves

of the oak show the hurt the bear has received. After this moon the bear hides for a time, but he comes back after a while as brave as ever.

The hunter with the bow never kills him; the hunter with the kettle never cooks his flesh; the hunter gathering sticks never builds the fire.

XXVI. THE NORTH STAR

(Ojibway)

THREE Ojibway hunters had been out hunting for meat many days; it was in a new place. The woods were very thick, but there were no deer in them. The hunters had nothing to eat; they had no water, for there was none; they were lost in the thick forest.

The hunters sat down and smoked the pipe of peace. They offered the smoke to the manitous who might live in the woods. They asked the manitous to help them. The day sun was gone and there was no night sun.

The chief covered his head with his blanket and chanted:

"Our wigwams will see us no more. We will stay here forever. We can go no further."

A little pukwudjinnie came out of a hollow tree when the chief had chanted his story. The Little One was like a little papoose, but he was very old and knew very much.

He said: "I will help the hunters. I will show you the trail."

He pulled the thick bushes apart, and the hunters followed. He found the trail and soon came upon a herd of deer feeding in the bush. The hunters shot two deer and ate much meat; they were stronger after they had eaten the meat. The Little One did not eat; he was not hungry.

There was no rain, and the hunters had no water; they lost their strength and could not walk on the trail. The pukwudjinnie left them; then the hunters put their blankets over their heads and sat down. They said no words. They could not smoke the pipe of peace, for their strength was all gone.

The Little One came back with a deerskin full of drink for them; he poured it into their mouths; it was not water; it was like no drink they ever had before. They became very strong and wanted nothing more to eat or to drink for more than one moon.

He led them on a long trail, to the land of his Little People; he took them to his own chief. The chief was like a little papoose, but he knew all the trails in the forest. He knew all the trails in the sky.

The little chief showed the Ojibway chief the star in the north, the star that never moves. The little chief showed them how to watch this star and not lose

their trail. He found their lost trail for them and sent them home.

The three hunters came back to their own wigwams. They talked in the council and showed their people the star that never moves.

Other nations and tribes know this star now, but the Ojibways believe that their people were the first to know where to find it in the Great Blue Wigwam, and that the Little People were told of its worth when their home was on the Evening Star.

XXVII. THE STAR THAT NEVER MOVES

(Algonquin)

IN one tribe of the Algonquin Indians the story is told that the North Star is the eye of Keneu, which is their name for eagle. It was also the name of a warrior of their tribe.

He had won his name by his great feats of bravery; his eyes never grew dim with sickness nor pain; he had never shown fear. When he was taken prisoner by his enemies in war, he had, unarmed, run the gauntlet; he had escaped when all the strong men of his enemies had stood in two lines striking at him as he ran between the lines.

Keneu had run into the wild forest, which he had never crossed before. He made himself a war club of metikomeesh. Its seeds are set in wood cups. The black bear, or Mukwa, feeds on the nuts when they fall. The war club was strong and heavy.

Keneu crossed the wild forest; he found his own village. He sought out the wigwam of the girl with whom he had played when they were children.

When Keneu stood at the doorway of her father's lodge, her father met him and gave him food. Keneu

told his story and all believed him, and he asked for the maiden; he had thought of her welcome when he should come to his home.

"Memainggwah the butterfly, — where is she?" asked Keneu.

"She walked the Pathway of the Spirits alone one moon before Keneu came," said her father; and the mother wailed a mourning cry from the place where she sat.

"Keneu the wâr eagle will find Memainggwah. His wings are stronger than the wings of the butterfly. Keneu will go back into the wild forest."

The warrior, who had so bravely fought his way through bands of men and hidden ways of thick trees, gave the war cry like an eagle, then bounded back into the wilderness. No one saw him again as Keneu the warrior.

The father of Memainggwah, when crossing a marsh one night, was followed by a dancing light as large as half the moon when it is overhead in the sky. The dancing light seemed to call out to him. He heard it say: "I am Keneu. The Great Spirit has said that I shall find Memainggwah, but not for many moons. Come to this place and seek for me."

The father of the maiden went again to the soft marsh land. This time tiny lights flitted all about him. Singing, humming, whirling, they seemed to fill the air. Wawwawtaissa, little fire-birds, the Indians call them.

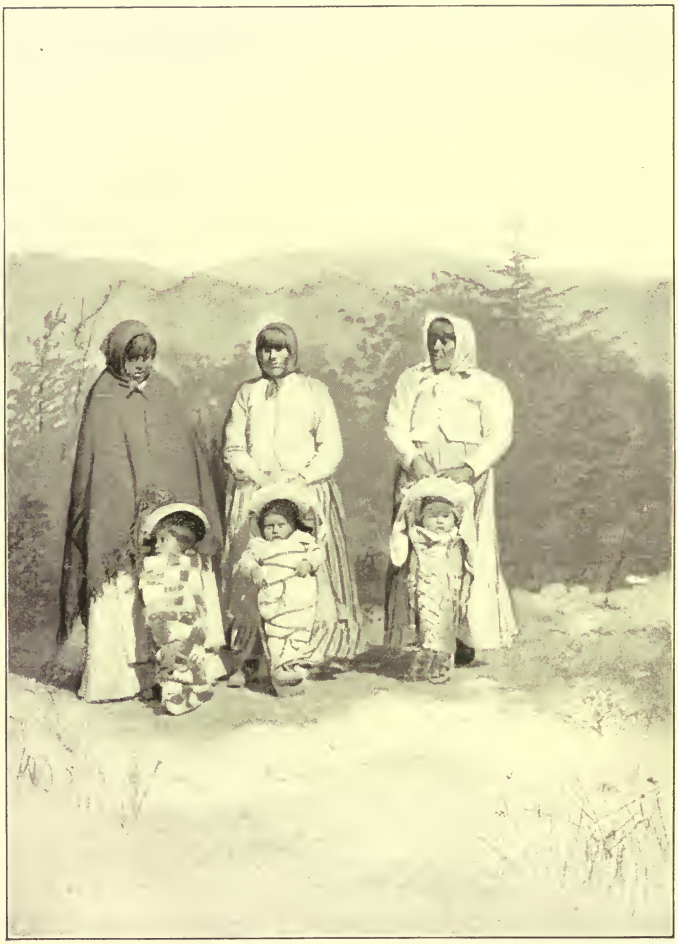
One of the little living fires came and lit upon his arrows. It sang: "Watch for me. I shall go to Memainggwah soon. The eye of Keneu the war eagle will shine through the blue of the Great Lodge. You will see Keneu near Mukwa in the sky."

When three moons had gone the father saw a new light in the sky. It was where Keneu had said. He took his great peace pipe and offered smoke to the new star. The star never changed its place. It shone like the eye of a war eagle.

There it has been through hundreds of moons. It is the eye of Keneu. He is happy, for he has found Memainggwah. She waited for him halfway on the Bridge of Souls, made by the stars which are a white pathway to the Happy Hunting Grounds.

White men call this star near Mukwa the Great Bear, the North Star. It never stirs from its place in the north. This star helps lost men to find their way back to the trail. An Indian in his canoe at night can watch this star and know which way to go.

Keneu knew what it was to seek the lost. While the North Star shines there is hope for those who wander in the forest or on the wide lakes.



INDIAN WOMEN WITH PAPOOSES

From a Photograph

XXVIII. TRAPPING IN THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS

(Wyandot)

A LITTLE papoose was found alone in the woods by a squaw. A blind bear had killed the child's father, and a huge rabbit had carried off his mother.

The little papoose was taken to the home of his mother's sister. She named him Tchakobeech. He never grew larger than a papoose, but he was as wise as an old chief. After many moons he made snares or traps and caught the blind bear and the big rabbit, but he never saw his mother again.

Tchakobeech said: "I will go to the Happy Hunting Grounds and find my father and my mother. I will climb to the sky and break it open."

Tchakobeech left the wigwam one morning and climbed to the top of the tallest pine tree on the highest hill that he could find. No one saw him. Each time he was near the top of the pine he blew his breath on the tree, and it grew twice as tall as it was

at first. He did this many times, and at last he touched the blue sky. He put his head through this blue wigwam and stepped from the tree into the Happy Hunting Grounds.

Tchakobeech liked this new country very much, but he could not see any people. He was lonesome, so he went back down the tree to the ground. He had left a sister in his aunt's wigwam. She was always ready to run races and to play with him. He told his sister of the beautiful place behind the sky, and she was ready to go back with him.

The tree did not fall, and Tchakobeech made his sister climb up first, for then he could help her if her foot slipped. He had made little wigwams on the big branches when he came down, and they slept in these when the dark came.

They had four sleeps before the sky was reached. Tchakobeech made another hole in the sky, and after his sister had gone through it he broke off the top of the tree and went through it himself. Nobody could follow them, for now the tree was too short.

The two were very happy together and played all day in the green fields. Tchakobeech made two wigwams and picked many flowers for their resting places. He set his traps to see if he could catch any animals. His sister told him there was nothing to catch in such a beautiful country.

Tchakobeech heard a noise in the middle of the night and went to his traps to see what was the matter. They were all on fire, but did not seem to burn. He called to his sister to come and help him.

The little trapper said: "Sister, tell me what I shall do. I have caught a great fire in my traps."

The girl trembled like a leaf on a tree. She said: "I know what is the matter. You have caught the sun. Let him go. He could not see in the dark, and his feet are caught. He cannot get away."

The little papoose man could see that she told the truth. He was so small that the sun burned his hands and made him blind when he tried to let it out. Tchakobeech said: "I have made trouble for all the tribes on the ground. I am not wise any more."

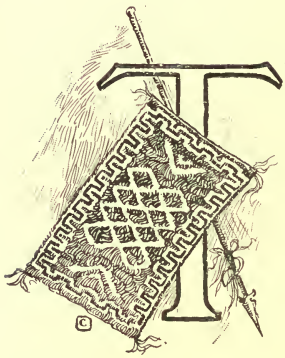
Just then a little mouse jumped out of a stump. It had been with its brothers to eat the moon. The papoose caught the mouse and breathed on it until it grew as big as a bear. Its teeth were very long. He drove it up to the traps, and it bit the leather strings.

The sun jumped out of the snares and went away.

He had been gone a whole day. All the tribes remember when the sun did not shine, and there was no morning between two sleeps. It was many moons ago. Tchakobeech did not put his snares in that place two times. The sun found another place to sleep and was never caught again. *Schoolcraft.*

XXIX. THE OLD MAN IN THE SKY

(Iroquois)



THE people of the Six Nations, or Iroquois, point out to their children a cluster of stars which they call the Old Man. White men do not always know where it is. They tell this story of his reaching the sky, or the Great Blue Wigwam.

An old chief was tired of life and of his people. He took his bundle and walking-stick and went to the top of the highest bluff. There he sang his death chant. His people followed, but waited at the foot of the bluff. While they were watching they saw him slowly rise in the air; his voice sounded fainter and fainter; the spirits of the four winds raised him to the Great Star Lodge. He was given a place among the stars.

His stooping form, his staff, and bundle are pointed out to Indian children as they watch the stars at night.

XXX. WHERE THE MORNING STAR CAME FROM

(Chippewa)

A MANITOU lived with his family near the Big Sea Water. There were two children in this family of the good manitou. The children of good manitous help the Indians. They do much good, like their fathers and their mothers.

This brother and sister were told that their work would soon begin. They were to be separated. The sister was called to go to the Place of Breaking Light. The brother knew his work was to be a watcher among the rocks and hills. He was to be a Little One of the Woods.

The day of parting came. The sister sat with the brother and watched the sun go down in the Big Sea Water. She put her hand into her brother's hand.

The sister said: "Watch for me, my brother; watch for me in the morning. Turn your face to the Place of the Breaking Light when you waken from your sleep in the morning; watch for your sister. It is our father who said I must go.

"Watch where the Great Blue Lodge is painted with the paints we now see across the Big Sea Water. I shall be in the Great Blue Lodge in the Place of Breaking Light. My dress will be painted with paints. I will shine like a drop of the shining Big Sea Water. Your sister will see. Your sister will watch for you. She will not forget you."

The brother said: "I will sit on this rock in the morning. I will look toward the Place of Breaking Light. I will watch for my sister that is gone. I will see her. My father has said it."

The Place of Breaking Light was very bright the next morning. The red was never so red before. All the Place of Breaking Light was bright like a burning forest. The sun was not there.

The brother saw a new star. It smiled on him like the face of his sister; he knew her; his sister was the Morning Star in the Place of Breaking Light.

"I have found my sister; she is not lost. She is in the Great Blue Lodge; the spirits of the four winds have carried my sister. She is well."

The brother turned to go back to the wigwam of his

father, the good manitou. His feet would not carry him there. He sat down in a cave in the rock. He saw himself in the water; he was one of the Little People. He was glad, for he had now many brothers. They called to him in the cave; he answered them; they were happy together.

The father and mother often saw their children. The Morning Star is happy in her Star Lodge. The brother is happy among the trees and the rocks.

XXXI. THE WOMAN IN THE MOON

(Algonquin)

N old medicine woman lived with one tribe of the Algonquins. She knew all the plants that gave medicine; she could tell of things that would happen to her tribe or her family many moons before the things came to pass; but she did not know one thing. She did not know when this world would come to an end. She was forever asking the Great Spirit to tell her.

A manitou was sent to her to make her stop asking. She said she would stop when her headband, which she was weaving, was done.

The manitou said she must hide herself from her people or he could not answer her question. The question would be answered when the forehead strap was finished. She hid herself in the moon. There she sits weaving the headstrap.

Once a month she stirs a great kettle of boiled corn that stands before her; while her two hands have hold

of the stick, the cat which is always near her unravels her headstrap. She begins over again when the corn is stirred.

There you can see her every night when the moon is full. She has never stopped asking, the manitou has never answered, and her weaving has never been finished.

PUEBLO INDIAN POTTERY

From a Photograph

XXXII. THE SEVEN STARS OF PLEIADES

(Iroquois)

SEVEN little Iroquois boys were in the habit of carrying their dishes of succotash to the top of a little hill near their wigwams. They would sit on this little hill and eat their supper. When the succotash was all gone, then the best singer would sing while the other six would dance around the mound. Every night they would do this. No other boys came with them.

One night they planned to have a feast of soup. Each boy was to bring a piece of meat. They would cook it on the hill and then fill their clay bowls with the soup.

Their parents would not give them the meat. The boys had eaten nothing all day, but they took their empty bowls and had a mock feast. They piled their dry bowls after this empty feast and danced around the mound.

Their heads and their hearts were very light. They forgot their hunger. They danced faster than ever

before ; their feet left the ground and they were dancing in the air. The six boys were around their leader who was singing.

Up, up, went the boys into the sky. Their parents saw them and called to them to come back. They could not do it. Whirling, floating, dancing, they took their places in the sky, where every one may see them.

The leader stopped his singing and tried to return. As he was not content in the Great Star Wigwam, his light is not so bright as that of the six other stars.

XXXIII. THE CHIPMUNK'S BLACK STRIPES

(Iroquois)

THE porcupine was chosen head chief of the animals because nothing could hurt him. This was when animals had tribes and chiefs like the Indians.

Soon after the porcupine was made head chief he called a great council. When the animals were all seated in a ring around the council fire, he asked them this question: "Shall we have night all the time or daylight?"

Then the animals were divided. There was much talking. Some wanted it to be night always. Some said it was best to have it always day. The bear wanted it always dark. He had a big voice and kept chanting: "Always night. Always night."

Each animal said something. The little chipmunk had a loud voice and kept singing: "Light will come. Light will come." He has a loud voice yet.

The council was held in the night. The animals could not decide what was best, but the chipmunk kept

saying: "Light will come. Light will come"; and before any one knew it the sun began to rise.

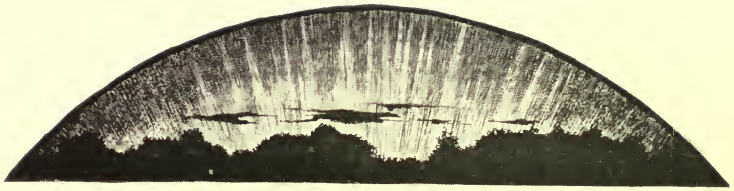
The night animals, with the bear for a leader, were very angry. The chipmunk saw the day was coming and began to run. The bear said it was because he was afraid and ran after him.

The great bear was clumsy. The little chipmunk was quick, but the bear nearly caught him as the chipmunk ran into a hole in a hollow tree. The bear struck him, and the black stripes down the chipmunk's back show where the bear hit him.

The chipmunk and his tribe won, and night and day have come ever since that council.

DANCE OF THE MOKI ANTELOPE PRIESTS

From a Photograph



XXXIV. THE ECHO GOD AND THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

(Iroquois)

THE Iroquois seem to have been the only nation to worship with feast and dance the echo god of the hills. When at war with other Indian nations or tribes, the chiefs and warriors of the Iroquois would go out and call: "Gohweh! Gohweh!" meaning, "I am telling you!" as many times as there were enemies slain.

They did this very boldly, for they never believed that strange nations could hear or understand them or the echo's answer. If any of their own people were slain, the cry was, "Ohweh!" which meant, "Our own!"

When they were on the warpath and night overtook them, the scattered ones were gathered in by using the call to the echo god.

While planning an attack upon some other band runners were sent out ahead to call to the echo god and find out if it was his wish for them to fight. If no answer came to repeated calls, the attack would be

given up for a time. Some form of worship, either feast or dance, would then be held, and runners would after this be sent out again to ask what the echo god meant by not answering. If by any means an answer came to their wails and calls, then the attack would be made. If no answer came, the band found some other tribe to destroy.

A dance was always given to the echo god after a victory, and with this was given a great feast, but never until they had mourned for their dead and decided what to do with their captives.

The Iroquois go on the warpath no more. They have no longer any need to call upon their echo god for help. They no longer offer him the worship of the feast and dance.

The Northern Lights were closely watched by the Iroquois. The color of the lights meant a great deal to the Indian watchers.

If the Northern Lights were white, it was believed that the frost would shortly follow; if yellow, sickness and much trouble to the nation was feared; while if the lights were red, very red, war and bloodshed were on their way to harm the innocent.

If the sky was mottled and it was springtime, that was the best sign possible. There was dancing and singing, for a good corn season was expected in return for the worship shown in the dance. *Adapted from Powell's Report.*

XXXV. LEGEND OF MACKINAW ISLAND

(Chippewa)

THE spirit that rules the Woman's Star sent her son Osseo to the earth one day.

There is a little star that shines every evening near the Woman's Star. It is jealous of the Evening Star, and it sent poison-arrows of starlight on the head of Osseo. When the poison light-arrow struck Osseo he became like an Indian who had seen a hundred winters.

Nothing old or evil can live on the Woman's Star. Osseo could not return to his mother. He was brave. He made no mourning. He made many friends among the Ojibways.

Oweenee was the daughter of a chief. She was like the red lily that grows on the prairies. She had nine sisters. They were like a field of lilies. Her sisters had each married a great warrior.

Oweenee loved the old and wrinkled Osseo. There was none to cook the deer meat his trembling feet

brought to his wigwam. She was very sorry for Osseo. Her sisters mocked at her pity for him. Osseo heard them one day. He took courage and asked her to help him bear his sorrows. She became his wife, for she knew his heart was as kind as it was brave.

The chief of the Ojibways made a great feast. The sacred dance was to be danced by all the young braves. Oweenee's sisters mocked at her again. This is what they said:

"See Oweenee. She is like the young vine that clings to the pine that is black with burning. Osseo is like the pine that the lightning has torn and burned. Oweenee would make him like a young pine. She is blind.

"Osseo, go from us. Leave Oweenee. She is not for you."

Osseo heard the sisters. His heart was very angry. His eyes looked like the eyes of the wolverine. He looked at Oweenee and then into the sky. He gave a strange war cry and shouted: "Sho-wain-ne-me-shing-nosa!"

This means, "Pity me, my father."

"Poor old man! he is calling to his father. If he goes back, Oweenee will be the wife of a warrior," said the sisters.

Osseo crept into a hollow log to hide himself.

As quick as a bird can fly he came out of the farther

end of the hollow log, but he was no longer an old man. He was a young brave, finer than any in the Ojibway nation.

He went to Oweenee. When he put his hand upon her she became old like the oldest squaw. Her beauty went like the lily that withers in one day. Her sisters had no words. They sat on the ground and covered their heads with their blankets. They said, "We have no Oweenee."

Osseo called her his Nenemoshee, his sweetheart. He fed her at the feast. He danced the sacred dance. His eyes were always toward Oweenee.

The feast was held in a great lodge. Music came into the lodge while they were all eating. Osseo understood the music. It was his mother talking to him.

"Come back to me. There is a place ready for you. Your bowls of clay shall be of copper. Your kettles of stone shall be wampum. Come."

While they were eating the lodge was lifted into the sky. All the tribe who were eating were changed into birds. Oweenee's sisters became crows. Their husbands became blue jays. Others were changed to quails and wild geese. All but Osseo and Oweenee were birds.

Osseo looked at Oweenee as they sailed through the air in the shining wigwam. She was still an old squaw. He prayed again to his father. Oweenee became like

the lily again just as the lodge rested on the Evening Star. Here everything was peace. All things were happy, and none did harm to another.

One day the son of Osseo was learning to use his bow and arrow. He shot one of the singing birds and a drop of blood fell on the star. The bird changed into a woman. The child fell from the star, and the woman and all the birds followed it, down, down to the same island they had left. The shining lodge of Osseo and Oweenee followed them and was fastened on a high hill far out in the big lake.

The land was very small there, and as the birds became men and women again, the place was very crowded. Each one became smaller and smaller until they were the smallest people in the world. They became pukwudjinnies.

Schoolcraft.

XXXVI. HOW THE WATER LILY CAME

(Ojibway)

IN the old days all men were happy. The men and women were as happy as little children. The wild animals came when they were called, and there was much food. The winters were not cold; it was always like the Strawberry Moon, for the days were warm and the nights were not cold.

There were many birds in the trees. The birds were all red, blue, or yellow like the war paint warriors now use. The birds could all sing, and there was much music. Each tribe of the red men did what was right, and there was no war. No one knew how to fight for a long time.

The Indians sat every night outside their wigwams. They watched the stars. They said the stars were the homes of those who had walked across the starry Bridge of Souls. They saw a star leave the sky one night. It came halfway to the earth and stopped. It seemed like a bird of fire.

A young brave had a dream about the star, and he believed his dream. It seemed as if the star came to

him in his sleep and looked like a white maiden. The maiden was very beautiful.

She said: "I have left my home in the sky. I saw the red people and loved them. Ask your wise men what shape I may take that I may always stay and be loved by their people."

The young brave woke and told the council. The wise men said: "Let the star choose for herself. She may live in the top of the pine tree or in the heart of a flower. She may live wherever she finds rest. She is welcome."

The wise men filled their peace pipes and offered the smoke of their pipes to the star.

The star came lower and made the village very light, then hid herself in the white rose on the mountain. The star was lonely on the mountain. She could see the people, but could not hear them talk. She left the mountain rose and went to live in a flower upon the prairie. Great herds of buffalo went by her. The flower and the star trembled at the sound of their hoofs.

The wise men saw the star rise from the prairie. They feared it would go back to the sky, but a soft breeze floated it over a lake. The star saw her shadow and the shadows of her sky sisters in the water, and she rested like a canoe upon the water. The next morning the lake was covered with water lilies.

"The night stars have blossomed," said the little children. The wise men said, "The white star has come to live with us."

The people went out in their canoes and chanted songs to the new flower. They gave it this name, "Wahbegwannee." It means "the white flower."

Copway's History.

PUEBLO INDIANS WATCHING A SACRED DANCE

From a Photograph

XXXVII. THE NORTH WIND'S DEFEAT

(Chippewa)

SHINGEBIS the great loon-bird lived in a lodge alone. It was by a great lake over which thick ice had come.

He had only four logs of wood for his fire for the whole winter. But each log would burn a whole moon, and as but four moons were cold, there was wood enough.

Shingebis cared for no one. He liked the cold. When the wind blew the coldest he would go out to where the reeds grew through the ice, and pulling them up, dive down into the holes for fish.

Kabibonokka, the cold north wind, felt ashamed that there lived anything which did not fear him.

"Why, this is wonderful. Here lives one who cares no more for me than I do for him. I will try once more to see if he will give up to me."

Then came the wind from the north ten times colder than ever. Great drifts of snow were heaped everywhere.

Still the fire burned in the lodge of Shingebis. Every day he went as before and pulled up the rushes

and reeds from the ice, and dived down for the fish which were always there.

"I will go to his lodge and visit him," said the north wind one day, as he saw Shingebis dragging home a great fish.

He went that night to the lodge by the water.

Shingebis did not know he was coming. He did not care. He cooked the great fish and ate his supper, then lay on his side before the burning log and sang a mocking song about the north wind. It was this:

Ka neej, ka neej,
Bi in, bi in,
Bon in, bon in,
Ok ee, ok ee,
Ka weya, ka weya.

Shingebis may have known that the one he was singing about stood outside his doorway, for he sang this song many times.

The north wind could endure it no longer. He would see the creature that did not care for his hurting. He came in and sat down opposite the loon-bird, the great Shingebis.

This did not frighten Shingebis. He simply rose and stirred the coals of the fire about the log till they blazed and sent out a great heat.

"You are but my fellow creature," kept singing the brave Shingebis, and he sat down again in his place.

Very soon the icy tears began to flow down the cheeks of Kabibonokka. He said nothing aloud but whispered to himself: "I cannot endure this; I must leave."

As he slipped out of the doorway not saying a word, he flew as straight as he could to the places where the reeds and rushes grew. He froze the roots very tightly into the ice. "Shingebis shall have no more fish," said the ice-cold wind.

Yet Shingebis found fish all that cold winter. He was brave and laughed at his trials.

At last the north wind gave up trying to conquer the great Shingebis.

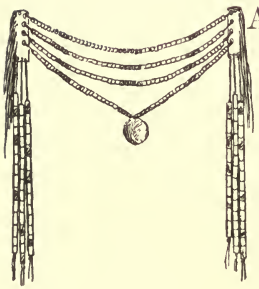
"Some manitou is helping him. I can neither freeze him nor starve him. I will let him alone."

When the four logs were burned and the four cold moons had passed, Shingebis still laughed and sang in his lodge by the water.

Schoolcraft.

XXXVIII. A RIP VAN WINKLE

(Siwash)



MANY moons before the Siwashes used iron or gold or silver a strange thing happened. It must be true, for it is told by the old men to the boys to this day. White people do not always believe it.

There lived a great Siwash hunter in the land in the west near the great river full of salmon, where it comes into the sea. His arrows gave him much meat; his great canoe and his spear gave him much fish. He had very many strings of shell money; the Siwash people call it hiaqua.

No one ever loved hiaqua as much as this great hunter loved it. He had many strings of it around his neck. He was rich; but when he waited in the trees in the forest for the elk or the deer to come that he might shoot them, he was always counting the shells on these strings.

He would say to himself: "I shall have more hiaqua than the great chief. I shall have more than two chiefs."

When the great forest was very still his tamanous would come to him. It was like an elk, and it would talk with him. He waited at the foot of the great white snow mountain for the elk to come.

The great mountain is called Mount Tacoma. This was the home of the Great Tamanous, who puts only good thoughts into the hearts of all people; when the hunter sat long in the tree and looked at the mountain he was ashamed in his heart.

The Great Tamanous, who is the Good Great Spirit, seemed to ask him, "Where did you get it, that last string of hiaqua?"

And he had to say: "I tore some of the shells from the faces of helpless squaws; from their noses and from their lips. I paid them for the shells with elk meat so dry that they cannot eat it. I know they are starving, but they could see; they did not have to take the meat. They could eat leaves and berries. I know there are no berries, but they could go on the long trail and find some."

"The squaws and children were very weak with hunger," said the Great Tamanous to his heart.

The hunter was much ashamed; in the tree by the mountain he would be ashamed, but he never gave back the hiaqua. It was good and he wanted more.

One day he went up the side of Mount Tacoma. His own tamanous came to him while he waited; the

white elk talked to the hunter's spirit. The tamanous said :

"You are not wise. You are like the mouth of a great fish. You have great hunger, but it is all for hiaqua. Your shoulders are covered with heavy strings of hiaqua. You have taken the shells from the nose and lips of your own squaw. You sell her elk meat, and she is starving like the other women. You will not feed her with the elk meat you will get to-day. I will send her meat. I am sent by the Great Tamanous. Listen! I will give you hiaqua enough to fill your heart."

Then the tamanous, the spirit of the great elk from which his band was descended, told the hunter a secret. The tamanous told him of a place on the great white mountain where was much hidden hiaqua. If the hunter would seek it and obey, he should have enough to satisfy him.

The hunter went back to his village. He told his squaw he was going on a long hunt. He took many deerskins from his tent, and when it was very dark he went away.

He made his camp that night at the foot of Mount Tacoma. He could not sleep; he could not wait; he saw the sun rise from the top of the mountain; he had no fear. His tamanous had said he would be with him.

TU-ME-NA. SIWASH GIRL

From a Photograph

The hunter stood on a great rock on the top of the mountain and looked down; at his feet was a wide hole; he could not shoot his arrow across it. The hole was white with snow, except that in the middle was a wide black lake; across the lake he saw the three great rocks he had been told to find.

The hunter walked on the crackling snow until he reached these three rocks. He knew them, for they were the ones his tamanous had told him to find.

The first rock was shaped like the head of a salmon; the second was like the good camass root, which all Siwashes eat; the third rock was the same as an elk. It was his tamanous: it would take care of him; he was safe.

The hunter dropped his pack of deerskin on the ground before the elk. He opened it and took out a great elk-horn pick, and began to dig in the sand.

He struck one blow in the sand. Four otters rose out of the black lake and came and sat at the north of him. He struck the second blow. Four more otters came and sat at the south of him. He struck the third blow. Four more great otters came and sat at the west.

The sun was bright in the east. It was watching him. No otters came and sat at the east. These were all the guards for the place where the Great Tamanous kept his hiaqua. They did not hurt the hunter, and he did not see them, for he was thinking only of hiaqua.

When the sun was over his head he put down his pick. He ate a bit of dried elk meat and took his pick again. He struck a rock; it broke very quickly. He lifted up a piece of the rock and saw a great cave full of shell money, full of hiaqua.

The hunter put in his hand and played with the shells. He lifted up strings of it, for it was strung on elk sinews. He threw the strings around his neck. He worked fast, for the sun was moving to the west, and he knew he must go. He was strong, but he had a great load. The sun was too fast for him.

He stood up and ran, but he did not throw one string over the elk head, nor over the camass root, nor over the rock like a salmon. He turned his back on the great otters. He did not offer them one string, not one shell; he forgot his promise to the Great Tamanous. He did not obey.

He ran on with his great load of hiaqua. He reached the white snow on the side of the great pit; then all the otters jumped into the black lake and lashed it into white foam with their bodies and tails. A black mist came over the mountain; the storm winds came. The Great Tamanous was in the storm.

The winds blew the hunter from one side of the wide hole to the other side. He had his hands on his money and did not lose one string. The water helped the winds to throw him back to the great rock on the top

of the mountain. The hunter did not let the otters get one hiaqua.

He heard two voices in the thunder; one was the Great Tamanous. He heard the tamanous of all the mountain scream to him in the wind; he heard them laugh.

His body was like a leaf, as the winds blew him and tossed him from one rock to another. They did not break a string; they did not take his hiaqua. He did not give them one shell.

The night was two days long; he broke one string and threw it away to the winds. They laughed. He threw another string to the thunder voices. The thunder was heavier than before. He threw away every string of hiaqua; then his body dropped on the ground on the side of the mountain, and he went to sleep.

When his eyes came open he was hungry; he dug some camass root, and made a pipe and smoked. His bones were not broken, but his joints made a noise like a paddle on the edge of a canoe. His hair was like a blanket on his back; it lay on the ground while he was smoking.

"The Great Tamanous has done this," said the hunter. He looked at the white mountain, and his heart was full of peace.

"I have no hiaqua. It is all given back to the Great Tamanous. I am well. I have no hunger for it. I will go home."

He found the trail overgrown with tall trees.

"Tamanous has done it," he said.

The people in his village did not know him. He asked for his wife, and they pointed to an old squaw, wrinkled and with her face bent to her knees. She knew him and pointed to his hair.

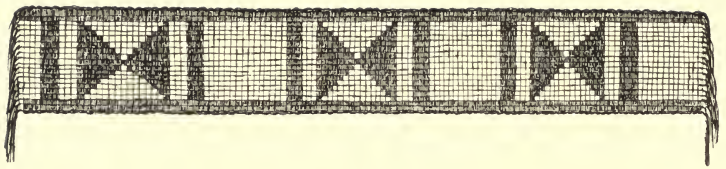
"Tamanous," he said.

"There is the little papoose," she said. The papoose was a man with white hair.

"He is your son and my son," said the old squaw.

The hunter looked in the water. "I have slept for many moons," he said.

He became a great medicine man, for he was wise. He taught the Siwash nation many things. He taught them to keep their promises. He told them not to forget the Great Tamanous whose home is on the white mountain.



XXXIX. LEGEND OF THE WAMPUM-BIRD AND THE BOY

(Iroquois)

AN Indian was alone in the thick woods when he heard a strange sound, and looking sharply through the branches and leaves saw a large bird. It had no feathers. It was covered with wampum.

The warrior made no noise. He ran back to the village and told his chief. He was believed, for no one dared to tell false things to the chief.

A great council was called. The warriors were told that whoever should bring the bird into the camp would win a great prize, and that prize was the daughter of the head chief.

A hundred warriors took their bows and arrows and went softly to the thick woods where the wampum-bird was resting. It had flown to the top of the tallest tree. They knew it was a spirit bird that had lost its way.

Many arrows hit the bird, and many strings of fine wampum fell to the ground. Some picked these up

and ran away, for they were rich now, and did not care for the prize; but, when they reached the village, the wampum turned to turkey feathers in their hands. They hid themselves in their wigwams. They were ashamed of their greed.

The warriors who stayed and shot at the bird gave great war whoops, but the bird did not fly away, nor was it frightened at any noise they made.

A little Indian boy from another tribe was hunting in the woods. His father had been killed in battle. His mother was hungry, and he had gone out to get meat for her. He heard the war whoops of the warriors, but he was not afraid. He came and watched them shoot at the bird.

"Let me shoot," said the little boy. The warriors were very angry, but the head chief said, "Let him shoot."

The warriors waited, and the boy shot his arrow. The bird fell to the ground close by the boy. He gave the splendid wampum-bird to the head chief.

The boy was married to the head chief's beautiful daughter the next day. He was now a chief's son, and his own mother was hungry no more.

His father had been slain by the head chief's warriors. The boy chief made a law that wampum should be the price of peace. When war was to be declared the tomahawk should be painted on a belt of wampum;

it should be sent to the tribe they would fight against; when the war was over the two tribes should exchange belts of wampum as promises of peace.

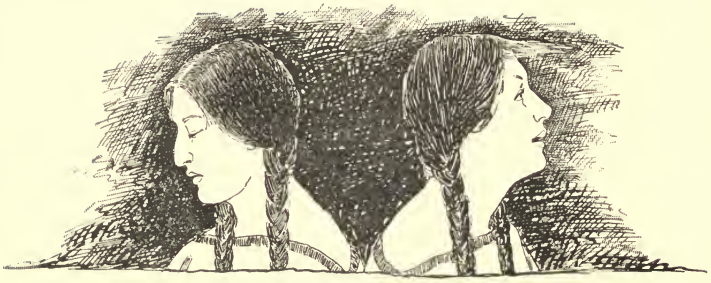
The head chief sent a wampum belt to the boy chief's tribe; then they had peace.

This is the story the tribes tell of how wampum came to be used for war and for peace.

Adapted from "Iroquois Myths," Powell's Report.

Apache Scout ready for War Dance

From a Photograph



XL. THE MAGIC MOCCASINS

(Chippewa)

AN Indian hunter shot at a moose, but his arrow missed and took the life of another hunter, the brother of Wahkandee the Lightning.

Mukwa, who had made the fatal shot, wore a pair of wonderful moccasins. A manitou had prepared the leather in the moccasins for himself. The manitou had whispered many secrets to the leather; but he gave it all to the hunter's wife because of his love for her husband.

Wahkandee, the avenger, came into the forest where Mukwa, the moose hunter, was hiding. He saw the feathers in Mukwa's hair and shot his arrows to avenge his brother. He heard the dry bushes crackle and crept to the place where Mukwa had been. There lay a pair of fine moccasins and many dry moose bones.

"I will take the fine moccasins. Mukwa will want them. I will find him."

Wahkandee reached down to take the moccasins, but they slipped away from his fingers. The moccasins fled across the lake, and Wahkandee followed in his canoe. They crept through the thick brush in the forest on the shores of the lake. Wahkandee followed like the swift feet of Skika the wood duck.

The thorns tore his buckskin suit, but he never stopped in the chase. The moccasins seemed to be always within the reach of his hands, but he could never touch them. Wahkandee thought that the black cloud at the edge of the earth would stop the race; when he reached the place of the black cloud, it was gone. The moccasins were always before him.

A great mountain was in sight. Wahkandee followed the flying moccasins over rocks, roots, and crumbling stones. When going down the further side of the mountain he saw a beautiful white wigwam. All footprints seemed to come away from it. None went toward it. The moccasins had disappeared, and Wahkandee said, "I will rest."

The white wigwam rested on the stump of a great pine tree. The wigwam had two doors: one in front and one at the back. Two Indian girls sat back to back in the middle of the white wigwam, each looking out of a door.

"What is your name?" Wahkandee asked the girl who sat at the front door.

"My name is 'The-one-who-sees-all-things-to-come,'" said the girl.

"Have you seen the one who owns the flying moccasins?" asked Wahkandee.

"I look before. I cannot tell what has gone," said the maiden.

Wahkandee walked to the other door and faced the other Indian girl.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"My name is 'The-one-who-sees-all-things-that-have-gone.'"

"Can you see the hunter who slew my brother?" asked Wahkandee.

"I can only see moose bones lying on the ground. You are hungry. Take the moose meat that hangs here on the trees and eat. Our father will make you welcome. You can see his bow and arrows. He will come. You can sleep by the bones of the moose."

While Wahkandee slept the wigwam was lifted from its place and it floated away. The stump stretched out its arms and became a great manitou. The magic moccasins had changed into the maidens. They now became moccasins again. One was turned toward the east, and one toward the west.

The manitou touched the dry bones of the moose.

The lost hunter stood before him. He put on his moccasins. The manitou touched Wahkandee, and he became like the dry bones of the moose. He never woke from his sleep.

The manitou turned the hunter's head toward his home in the north. The magic moccasins carried him home. He went as the wild bee goes back to its tree. The hunter told the story of his moccasins around the council fire.

The women tried to learn from his wife the secret of their making. She told them how she colored the quills for the patterns she made on the leather. She told them how she sewed them with sinew. This the women could see; but they could not see that her fingers had been warm with love for her husband when she wove the quills into the leather and when she sewed it with the sinew.

The women could not know the secrets the manitou had whispered to the leather; nor did they know of the love the manitous have for those who try to please them. This was why the hunter was saved when he did the wrong that was not in his heart to do. All the squaws have tried to make magic moccasins, but only Mukwa has ever worn them.

XLI. OPECHEE THE ROBIN REDBREAST

A GREAT hunter among the Chippewas, or Ojibways, wanted his son to secure a powerful spirit to protect him in war and all danger. To gain the help of the strong manitou the boy must fast twelve days. Many Indian boys can do this, but not all. Many try and fail.

The boy did as his father commanded, for when the time came he went into the secret lodge in the deep forest and laid himself down alone on the mat his mother had woven for him. He did not fear, but his strength was weak. All night he lay there alone.

In the morning his father came and asked him if the strong spirit had come to him in his dreams. The boy shook his head. No dreams had come to him.

Each day for ten days the father came to the little lodge in the wilderness and asked his son if the strong manitou had come to him.

"It is not for me to have such dreams, my father. I am not brave. The strong manitou will not come to me. Let me give up my fast."

"If you give up now, the manitou will never come. Hunger makes my son weak, but his heart is strong. It is only a short time more to wait. Then my son shall be the strongest of all."

The Indian boy covered his face and lay still upon the mat. He would obey his father. The morning of the eleventh day the boy saw his father enter the wigwam. He slowly turned his face toward him and whispered: "Let me break my fast; I have no dreams."

"To-morrow I will bring you food. To-morrow you shall come to the lodge of your father."

The boy closed his eyes and said no more. He was very weak and faint.

The next morning the father went with the earliest morning light to the little lodge in the forest. Peeping through the door he saw his son sitting up. Beside his mat were brushes and paint. He was painting himself red and brown.

"The manitou will free me, but it is not the spirit my father wanted," he heard the boy say.

The father rushed into the lodge, but as he touched his boy the lad changed into a bird and flew out of the open doorway. Sitting on the top of the lodge he sang these words:

"Do not mourn for me, my father, for I am happy. I did not want to be a warrior. I wanted only to be

free. I shall find food upon the fields and the hills. I will comfort you." Then he flew away.

Opechee lives near the homes of men. He loves to comfort them when they are sad. He is happy when they are happy.

His songs are for the little children and for the fathers and mothers who want their little ones to be brave. Opechee is not afraid in the storm, and many have heard him singing just after the great thunder-birds had called to each other and the water was coming fast from the sky to find a place to hide in the ground. Opechee is brave, but not strong.

Schoolcraft.

XLII. THE INDIAN WHO MARRIED THE MOON

(Chippewa)

ONE of the warriors in an Ojibway band had a boy who refused to fast as all other boys and men had done.

"I like to eat; it is hard to be faint and hungry," said the boy when his father took him to the little wigwam in the forest.

"You shall eat after the manitou has talked to you," said the father.

"I will not fast; let me have my bow and arrows and I will hunt for you," said the boy.

"If you will not go into the little wigwam, you shall not come back to my fire. You may sleep where you can find a place, but never come back to me until you have talked to a manitou," said the warrior.

The boy ran into the forest and hid himself. He picked berries all day and made a bed on the moss at night. The moon shone very bright, and he thought there was a face in it, so he asked the moon to take care of him while he slept.

The boy awoke, but it was not day. A girl stood by him dressed in shining clothes, and her face was like the one he had seen in the moon.

"I shall have to go back to my sky teepee, but you must go with me. Stand up quickly and take hold of my hand. Come, Cloud Catcher, come, for the stars are going to hide," and the boy felt himself rising and moving through the air like a bird.

Cloud Catcher went through the clouds into the beautiful country behind the sky, and soon they stopped in front of a great teepee which belonged to a great chief with hair like fire. The chief was the moon maiden's brother.

"You are not wise," said the great chief to the girl.

"I am alone; let me have him and I shall be happy," said the moon maiden.

The chief gave the boy a pipe and a bow and some arrows. "You may stay," said the sun chief.

Cloud Catcher and the girl played in the fields all day while the sun was off on his journeys. He shot at the stars, and sometimes hit one so hard that it let go and fell down through the sky. The moon maiden had a great bow that she hung in the sky at night and played with in the daytime. She could shoot farther than Cloud Catcher, but she never hurt anything with her arrows.

One day the boy went to the great sun chief and said: "I used to eat much when in my father's wigwam. I am hungry for meat; will you give me some?"

"You children of the ground are very strange in your ways," said the sun chief. "You have all the sky to make you happy, but now you are crying for meat. It is not wise, but you shall have it, for you are one of us, and whatever you ask must be given. Come with me."

The sun chief took Cloud Catcher the next day, and they walked to a place where the sky was open. They looked down on the ground, and the chief shot one of his arrows. It struck a little child, who fell down and was carried into her father's wigwam.

"Send meat and the child shall be well," said the sun chief. Meat was put on the fire and burned, and as it burned it came up to Cloud Catcher's feet, and he ate it like a hungry man. The child walked out of the wigwam, for it was now well, and Cloud Catcher had his meat. After that feast he wanted to walk many times with the sun to the place where the sky was broken, and every time he asked for meat.

One day he said: "I will go back to my own country; there my arrows will bring my meat to me, and no one will need to be sick."

The moon maiden said: "You are going back to sickness, to cold, and to war, but you belong to me and must never take a wife from your people. Come," and

again they moved through the air like birds. She took him back to his bed of moss, and when he awoke this time he found his father standing by him.

"I have seen a manitou; I am to be called Cloud Catcher," said the boy, as his father took his hand and led him into their wigwam. His mother was glad to see him and very proud of his name.

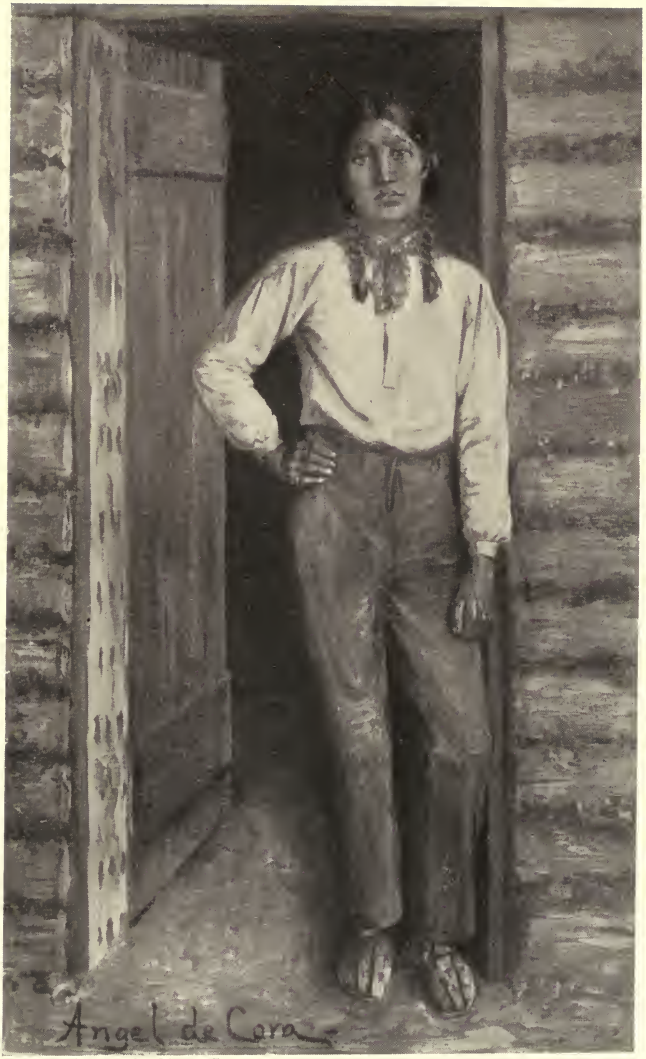
"You are tall; you are strong and brave. There is no one in the tribe like you. Where have you been?" asked the mother. The boy told only a little, for it seemed like a foolish dream, and he was afraid no one would believe him.

"I fasted many days, my father; then I ate strange food that came to me. I am a man now. My mother is wise; she will not ask any more," and Cloud Catcher kept very quiet with his tongue.

He grew very lonely, and after a time he found a wife who cared for his wigwam and cooked his food for four days, then she was gone; no one ever saw her again. He married the second wife, but when she, too, left him he remembered the moon maiden's words, and went out in the moonlight and lay on a bed of moss. When he awoke he was floating through the air, and the sun chief called to him to stop at his teepee. There he found the girl whose face he had watched so many nights in the moon, and he never came back to earth.

Part III

STORIES RECENTLY TOLD OF MENABOZHO, AND OTHER HEROES



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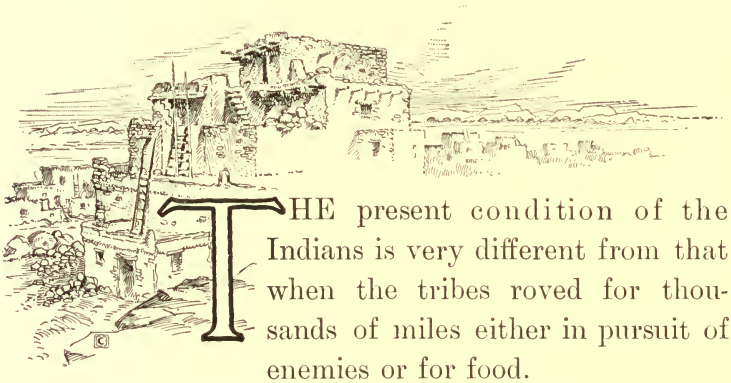
THE INDIAN OF TO-DAY

Original Painting by Angel de Cora (Hinook-mahiwi-kilinaka)

INTRODUCTORY — THE INDIANS' PRESENT CONDITION



THE present condition of the Indians is very different from that when the tribes roved for thousands of miles either in pursuit of enemies or for food.

Now they are prevented by law from fishing or hunting outside the boundaries of their various reservations, to which they were sent by the government for different reasons. For many years meat and flour were given to some tribes as rations at certain periods of the year, when they also received money and blankets. A number of tribes have become much like the white man, and live in houses and have large numbers of horses and cattle upon the plains or on their farms in the east; other tribes, proud of their ancient customs, still try to live as nearly as possible in the way of their ancestors.

Their love for their nation, tribe, and family is very great, and that is one reason why a few of the Indian students become once more Blanket Indians. They cannot endure the taunt that they have forgotten their own people.

The old myths of years ago are repeated in Indian homes, and many of the stories, like those told in the poem of *Hiawatha*, are familiar tales to little children in western teepees. Hiawatha the Wise we now know is an Iroquois hero; Menabozho, who is called the Foolish or Sly One, is an Algonquin hero, and they are two very different characters in the lore of two different Indian nations. Hiawatha the Iroquois is always dignified; Menabozho the Algonquin is very powerful but full of boyish tricks.

Menabozho, or the Great White Hare

From the east side to the west side of America the Algonquin Indians all have their stories of Menabozho. When the story is of some great deed of Nanabush, or of Missaba, you must remember that these names are only another way of speaking of Menabozho. In the different Indian tribes the languages are different; but those who have been most among these many tribes of red men find that nearly all have some name for this Great Manitou, or Spirit.

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Whatever was the first cause of their belief in such a being, there is no way of knowing. All people, no matter how wild, believe in God; but the wilder the people the more gods they believe in. It is so with the Indian.

The red man seemed to believe every stone, every bush, and almost every animal had its manitou or spirit. These manitous were something to be feared, and to which prayer ought to be offered. So we will call them the gods of the Indians. But these gods were ruled over by greater ones that had wonderful powers.

The Indians watch the sun, moon, and stars a great deal and know much more about them than many white people who have no time for such study. When they saw the power of the sun in bringing life out of the earth in the shape of growing plants from hidden seeds, then the sun seemed like a living spirit to them.

The name Menabozho has been found to mean in the Indian language the Great White Hare. It has been found to mean more than that. Some one who has studied into the meanings of Indian words says that it means the "god of light," or "ruler of the sun." When you read marvelous stories of Menabozho remember then that the Indians who told these tales first had in mind one of their strong gods, — one who was swift and powerful as the light of the sun; one who was

as kind as the sun is to the earth, bringing food and blessing to every one.

The sun hides away every night; so Menabozho often rested. The sun is often troubled by clouds and storms; and Menabozho has many troubles, but usually comes out very bravely from every hindrance.

This manitou could take many forms. He very often appeared upon the earth as a man, for that is the highest form of all life. He is said to have many homes.

Some say Menabozho's home is in the east. He rules over the east wind and watches the sun that it may follow the right path through the sky. He rules the sun. It could not leave the east without him.

The Indians in some nations have a kind of picture to represent Menabozho. It looks something like a child's picture of a rabbit. People have thought of many reasons why the red men should have called him the Great White Hare. The Indians themselves do not seem to explain why they did it.

We know from many Indian customs and from their records, for they have kept many records, that the red men lived in America for hundreds of years before Columbus came. Where the first Indians came from the most learned white man cannot tell. He can only guess.

Some of the Indian stories tell that the red man was

created here in America. That is not strange for them to say, for they have no remembrance of another land. If they came from across the great ocean at the west, or drifted across the one at the east, they may have brought this story of Menabozho, the god of light, with them. Early travelers found some tribes expecting the Great Spirit to come among them again in the shape of palefaced men. The same belief was found far south in Mexico. It seems very strange to us. Many have thought that it was the coming of Menabozho the red men expected when the white men came.

This same Great Spirit who was to come was kind and good. He would be a brother to all creatures, man and beast. Menabozho called everything his brother. Stories that the Indians are telling of him to-day speak of him as calling the trees his brothers.

Those who are much among the Indians now, as the hunters in the northern forests are, tell of how real this kindly manitou is to the red man in his every-day life.

There is a certain little black swimming bird that looks much like a duck, which is called a diver. When this bird rushes from the reeds by the river into the water, the Indian who sees it often cries out, "There goes the bird Menabozho kicked."

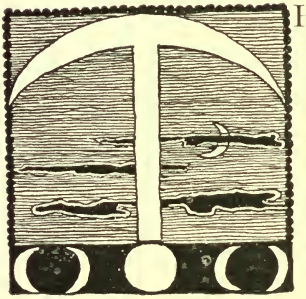
If the white fisherman tells a story of some great fish that he has caught, or that nearly came into his

net, then the Indians, among themselves, grunt and scoff at his story. They can tell of a larger fish than any white man ever saw or brought to shore. Menabozho sailed into its mouth in his canoe. And so this same being is as real to them as any we have learned of in our childhood's days.

The stories recently collected are interesting in showing how alive is all Nature to those who live nearest to her. The Indian still seems to understand with the heart of a poet the voices of trees, stones, and brooks. We are glad to know that many whites have learned that the red men have a strong love for justice and truth and can show mercy to those who have been merciful.

The Indian is not a dull-minded being. His wits are keen, and his judgment as fine as many a civilized man can claim. But he lives a life far apart from the busy city or town life of the white man, and it is hard for each to understand the life of the other.

I. MENABOZHO AND HIS THREE BROTHERS



THE Indians tell that, in a time so long ago no one can tell when, four brothers were born on this earth.

The first was Menabozho, who is the friend of all the human race. The second was Chibiabos, who cares for the dead and lives in the Country of Souls. The third was Wabose. He ran far away to the north and was changed into a rabbit, but is still very powerful. The fourth was Chokanipok, the Man of Flint.

Menabozho did not love his fourth brother, the stone man, and had many battles with him. These battles were long and terrible. Traces of them can be found to this day. Chokanipok's body was as large as a mountain. In one of these battles Menabozho's arrows tore off many pieces of flesh from him. These changed into flint stones when they touched the earth, and men made fire by striking two of them together.

At last Menabozho conquered, for he had more love for man in his heart than had his brother, and the

great firestone giant fell, and his pieces are scattered everywhere.

This gave Menabozho courage, and he traveled all over the earth teaching men how to use stone and bone. He taught them how to make stone axes. He showed them how to make snares and traps so as to catch fishes and birds. He taught the women how to weave mats and beautiful baskets.

While he traveled he saw the huge creatures whose bones are now dug up from far under the ground. Menabozho slew these animals himself and hid them away. He opened the pathway for the rivers between the hills and mountains. He made the earth ready for the Indian.

Menabozho placed four spirits at the four sides of the heavens. The spirit which he put in the north sends snow and ice so that the Indian may hunt during the cold moons. The spirit in the south sends the warm wind and gives the red man corn, melons, and tobacco. The spirit that stands in the west sends the rain, and the spirit in the east gives light to the earth.

Some Indian legends say that Menabozho now lives on an ice mountain in the great sea. If he, by any chance, were driven from his home all things would burn if he should touch his feet to the ground to spring into the air. The end would come, for the

AN INDIAN BASKET EXHIBIT

From a Photograph

sun could never shine again without Menabozho to guide it from the east to the west.

When this great manitou walked on the earth his steps measured as long as the steps one tribe would take in one day. He could step over mountains and think they were only ant-hills. He could step over a large lake. If he wished, he could make himself as short as a man. He had great power.

It is told that a little child once outwitted him. The boy was playing outside his mother's lodge and dared the manitou to do as he did. The manitou loved the child and waited to see what it did. The boy lay down and put his toe into his mouth. Menabozho tried to do this same thing and could not.

He told the boy to wish for anything and that he should have it. The boy wished for long life. Menabozho changed the child into a white-cedar tree, and the tree stood for hundreds of winters in the place where the child had stood when he wished for long life. It was not far from where he lay by his mother's wigwam when he dared the great Menabozho to a deed the manitou could not perform.

It was in this way the wise manitou punished the boy. It is not well for any one to be wiser than a manitou, for even the flint stones show that these spirits are very powerful.

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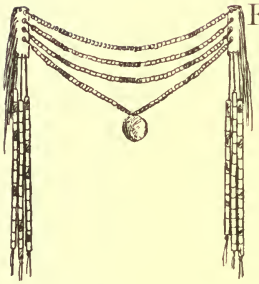
II. STORY OF THE DELUGE

(Chippewa, 1900)



ENABOZHO, the great land manitou, did not like the water manitous or spirits. One day he saw the chief of the water manitous asleep on a rock, and he shot and killed him with a magic arrow; then the little water manitous called the big rivers to help them and chased Menabozho up a high hill.

The water reached halfway up the hill; the water manitous called all the little rivers then to help them. The water chased Menabozho to the top of the high hill. He climbed up a tall pine tree, but the water came up to his chin; it could not go over his head, for there is not water enough in the whole world to drown the great Menabozho.

He waited a long time while he stood on the top of the pine tree. The rivers would not go back, and he could not see any land.

A loon flew over his head and then dived into the great water. Menabozho said: "Brother Loon, come

to me. I must make land for us to stand on. Will you dive down and bring me a little sand?"

The loon put down his head and went through the deep water, but it was too deep even for the great loon-bird. He came up again, but he had left his breath in the deep water. Menabozho caught him as he floated by the pine tree, but he found no sand in his bill nor on his feet.

An otter put his head out of the water close by Menabozho.

"Brother Otter, dive down and bring me up a few grains of sand. We must have land to put our feet upon."

The otter knew he must do as Menabozho told him, so he put his head down into the deep water. He came up, but he had no life any more, and Menabozho could not find any sand in his paws.

A muskrat came swimming by just then. "Brother Muskrat, you are very brave. Will you dive down to the sand under this deep water and bring me a few grains? I must make land for my brothers," said Menabozho.

The muskrat was brave, for he dived down, but he came up just like the otter. He had no more life, but he had a little sand in one front paw.

Menabozho held the sand in his own hand and dried it in the sunshine. He blew it with his breath far out

on the water, and it made a little island. Menabozho called the sand back to him. He dried it in his hand again and then blew it to its place on the deep water. He did this for two days, and the island grew larger every time it was sent back. Menabozho left the tree and walked on the land.

He called to his brothers, who are the trees, animals, and everything on the land, to come and live on this land. The water had to go back to its place.

III. MENABOZHO CAUGHT

(Chippewa, 1895)

MENABOZHO killed a large moose when hunting. He put the meat in boxes made of birch bark and hid the boxes by a sweet-water tree, which the white men call a maple tree.

There was much moose meat, and it would last many weeks. There was much moose fat, so Menabozho made more birch-bark boxes and hid the fat in them near an oak tree. He hung the mooseskin in the branches of the tree.

Menabozho sat on the ground and ate much moose meat; while he was eating he heard a noise over his head and saw that two trees were pulling each other. A tall tree had fallen into the top of a small tree, and it was caught. The wind tried to pull the tall tree away, but the little tree held it tight, and the branches made a noise like something alive. Menabozho did not like to hear such a loud noise when he was eating.

He climbed into the little tree and tried to pull the tall tree away. His arm was caught between the two trees, and he was like a bear in a trap. The two trees pinched Menabozho's arm very hard.

While he was in the trap trying to get loose, a wolf came along under the trees; she had two young wolves with her.

"Look out!" said Menabozho; "don't go near that sweet-water tree. There is nothing for you in these woods."

The old mother wolf knew Menabozho and his tricks. She found the birch-bark boxes and called to her little ones.

"Come down and eat, Brother Menabozho," said the old wolf. She knew she was safe, for the trees held him close.

The wolf and her young ones played with the empty boxes when the meat was gone; they broke them all, then ran toward the oak tree.

"Don't go there; the tree may fall on you!" said Menabozho.

"Come, children," said the wolf, "use your noses and you will find more food."

They found the moose fat in the other boxes. Wolves can eat all the time. These wolves ate up the sweet moose fat, and Menabozho fought with the trees to get out of the trap they made for him. He

tried to pull up the tree he was in by the roots, but he could not do it with one hand.

When the wolves were done eating, a great wind came and blew the trees apart. Menabozho came down the tree very fast, but the wolf and her young ones were very strong from their good dinner. They ran away where no one could find them.

Menabozho liked to play tricks on everything. He did not like it when they played tricks on him, and now he had no meat nor fat. There was only the moose head left.

He put his head into the moose head to eat the meat. He could not get out, and there he was caught again in a trap, and this time he could not see, but he could use his arms and feet.

"I don't care," said Menabozho. "It is a good trick. I will get away."

He ran against a tree. Menabozho put his arm around the tree and said: "What is your name, Brother Tree?"

"My name is White Oak," was the answer.

"White Oak does not grow near water; I must go further," said Menabozho.

Soon his moose head struck another tree. "O my brother, what is your name?" asked Menabozho.

"My name is Basswood," said the tree.

"Basswood grows near water," said Menabozho.

He ran along a little further and fell over the bank into a river, and he swam with the strong current down the stream. He knew there were many Indians in a teepee village near that river, and they would help him.

Menabozho kept the moose head out of the water and made a great noise. He heard the Indian boys whoop and knew they had seen him. The hunters got their canoes and came out to him with their tomahawks, for they thought it was a moose and they would get much fat meat.

The Indians broke the moose head with their tomahawks and found Menabozho. He was always good to the Indians, and many times he helped them in their hunting.

"It is a good trick," they all said; then Menabozho laughed, and they were glad to see him.

The chief made a great feast in his teepee. Menabozho told many stories, but he did not tell how the wolves, the trees, and the moose head all played tricks on him.

Ooranah, Chippewa Indian, near Ashland, Wis.

INDIAN PICTURE WRITING ON STONE

From a Photograph

IV. HOW THE KINGFISHER GOT HIS RING AND HIS RUFFLE

(Chippewa, 1895)

MENABOZHO had a wolf who hunted for him. "My brother," said Menabozho, "never cross the water, for the water manitous will catch you."

One day the wolf was tired and saw a narrow stream in his way, so he threw the goose he had caught over his back and tried to leap across the stream. The water manitou caught him, and Menabozho had no supper and never again saw his wolf.

The next day Menabozho saw the kingfisher sitting on a tree near the stream.

"My brother," said Menabozho the Sly One, "can you tell me where Menabozho's brother wolf is?"

"What will you give me if I tell you?" said the kingfisher.

"I will put a fine collar around your neck if you will tell me," said Menabozho.

"First put the collar around my neck, then I will tell you," said the bird.

Menabozho fastened around the bird's neck a beautiful white collar, which he wears to this day; then the

kingfisher told him how he had seen the wolf caught while leaping across the water the day before, and said:

"The great water manitou comes out when the sun is hottest to rest on the shore. He will sleep on the wolfskin. The mud turtle will sit on a stone and keep watch for Menabozho. The bear will stand by this tree and watch. I will sit on this tree and watch, too. We are all friends, but maybe you are Menabozho?"

The bird jumped, but Menabozho caught its head in his hands. The kingfisher twisted his head out of Menabozho's fingers, gave a laugh, and flew away; and that is the way he got his ruffle.

Ooranah.

V. HOW THE WOODCHUCK HELPED MENABOZHO

(Chippewa, 1895)

MENABOZHO watched for the water manitou, and he stood just like a stump of a tree. The bear which was watching for Menabozho did not see him. The mud turtle which was watching did not know that he was the stump, so they went to sleep; then Menabozho got back his wolfskin from under the manitou, and the manitou did not need it any more.

All the other water manitous gave chase after Menabozho to avenge their brother. He called to a woodchuck to dig fast into a hill.

Menabozho pulled into the hole all the dirt that the woodchuck threw out. The water manitous found no hole in the hill, and Menabozho got away.

Menabozho gave the woodchuck long claws and soft hair. He told him that the corn is good. He called the woodchuck his brother because he helped to hide Menabozho from the water manitous.

Ooranah.

SIOUX INDIANS AND TEEPEE

From a Photograph

VI. MENABOZHO SWALLOWED BY A LARGE FISH

(Chippewa, 1895)

ONE day Menabozho went fishing with hook and line in Gitchee Gumee, the Big Sea Water. A large fish came along and swallowed the hook and line, swallowed Menabozho and his canoe, swallowed everything, just like a big sea cave.

When Menabozho waked out of his sleep he saw a squirrel sitting on the canoe beside him. The fish had swallowed him, too.

Menabozho said: "Brother Squirrel, where are we?"

The squirrel answered: "Menabozho, we are in a great fish."

Menabozho found his bow and arrows in the canoe and shot an arrow upward. It killed the great fish. The body of the fish began to rise to the top of the water. Menabozho prayed to the Great Manitou that the wind might blow from the south. The Great Spirit heard his prayer and sent the south wind. It blew the great fish to the north shore of Gitchee Gumee, where Nokomis lived.

The great fish floated on the water like a little sunfish; when it touched the shore the birds fed on its flesh, and Menabozho came out and went to his grandmother, Nokomis.

After their greeting was over Menabozho went back and found the birds still feeding on the fish.

"Go away, my little brothers," he said.

Each bird took a piece of the fish and flew away, and Menabozho then cut up the great creature and made much fish oil; he had a great plan in his mind and was glad to have this oil.

A wicked manitou lived on an island in Gitchee Gumee. This island had miles of blackest pitch on all of its shores; not even a water manitou could swim through this pitch. Menabozho carried the fish oil over and poured it on the pitch; wherever the oil touched the pitch it was never sticky again.

Menabozho found the wigwam of the wicked manitou. All day long he shot arrows at this wigwam. The manitou came out and laughed at him.

A woodpecker called out, "Hit him in the back, Menabozho!"

The manitou just then turned to run, and Menabozho hit him and he fell. The woodpecker flew down by Menabozho. His white feathers were stained by the pitch, but Menabozho painted his head with war paint. He is one of Menabozho's brothers.

Ooranah.

VII. THE THUNDER-BIRD OF THE DAKOTAS

(Sioux, 1895)

"WHAT is thunder?" a white man asked a Sioux or Dakota Indian.

"Thunder is a big bird flying in the air. It makes tracks like fire. You can hear it clap its wings. It is the young thunder-birds that hurt the Sioux. The old birds will not touch us. They are our friends."

"Did you ever see a thunder-bird?" was asked by the white man.

"I never did, but my father's brother, Little Crow, saw one fall dead out of the sky. It had wings wide as a white man's house, and it had lightning on its wings. It had a face like a man; its nose was like an eagle's bill."

"Who else ever saw one?" was the next question.

"One fall our tribe was out hunting, and a thunder-bird flew down on the ground just a little way from them. It did not hurt them; they saw that it had on

snowshoes. They found the track of the shoes when it flew away. Our tribe had good hunting that winter. They killed many bears."

"We have only one God; why do you have so many?" was next asked.

"The Great Spirit is the god of the Dakotas," said the Indian. "He made everything but wild rice and thunder. We must do as our fathers have done or the spirits of the dead will punish us. It is not good to change. We believe what they told us when we were children. We worship the Great Spirit."

"Who rules the water?" asked the white man.

"Unktahe, the spirit of the water."

"What do you call the thunder?"

"Wahkeon. He and Unktahe are always fighting. It is a great battle; when there is a storm Unktahe sends the thunder-birds back to the sky, sometimes."

"Tell me more about the thunder-birds," said the white man.

"Wahkeontonka is the father of all the birds. He is Big Thunder. He lives on a great mountain in the west. His wigwam has four doors. A caribou stands at the north door. He is swift like the north wind. At the south door is a red deer; he is very beautiful. His eyes are like the little lakes in summer.

"A butterfly watches at the east door of the wigwam. He is like the morning light. A bear watches

the west door, and when the wind blows from the west even the white people can hear the bear growling. This is true."

"What has Wahkeontonka done for the Indian?"

"The thunder spirit gave the Indians thunder and wild rice. They eat rice and are strong. He showed them how to use the bow and arrow.

"He dug iron from the ground and made tomahawks. He made spears. The Indians know Wahkeontonka is wise."

The Dakotas believe that their god of storm lives on Thunder Cap, a high promontory in Minnesota overlooking Lake Superior; from here he sends the rain, hail, or snow.

Thunder Bay lies at his feet; on its shore lies the great giant turned to stone, who, ages ago, dared to defy Big Thunder. Wahkeontonka is the Dakotas' Jupiter.

VIII. HIAWATHA THE WISE

How he united the Five Nations

MANY, many moons ago three Indians sat on the bank of the great river with many islands. These three Indians had come on a long trail from their country, and it was a new trail, for they had made it themselves. Nobody had been on it before they cut their way through the thick forest.

The fathers of these Indians had been told of this river in the north which was filled with islands. The three Indians had said to their fathers that they would seek it; now they sat on a little hill, and it was before them.

The night sun had changed into a shape like a canoe three times since they had started on the long trail. Their moccasins were torn, and their feet were very tired; but the river was very beautiful, and it made their eyes glad to see it.

While the three Indians sat watching the river, they saw a white canoe coming straight toward the little hill

where they sat. It seemed to come from the place of the setting sun.

The three Indians saw a white-haired chief alone in the canoe, and he had no paddle. The canoe came very fast, but it needed no help. The white-haired chief told the canoe to stop by the little hill on the shore where sat the three Indians: it came there and stopped.

The three Indians knew by the strange canoe that the Great Spirit had sent him, and they were afraid.

The white-haired chief said: "I am Hiawatha. I will help you and your people. Tell me what your nation can do. Tell me of your hunting."

The three arose and told Hiawatha of their nation. They had thought their people very strong; now they seemed like wild rabbits for weakness. They told him of their hunting, but they were not proud, for Hiawatha was wiser than any chief, and he knew what was in their hearts.

Hiawatha said: "Go back to your people. I shall come, and you will see me when you have made my lodge ready. I knew you were coming, for I saw you in the dark forests. I saw you on the great rocks in the forests. Go back and tell your people I am coming. Tell them to make a wigwam for Hiawatha."

The three Indians could not talk to each other. Their hearts were full. They found the trail they had made and followed it back to their own land; there

they told their chiefs of the wise one in the white canoe. The chiefs made ready for his coming.

"He will come in a white stone canoe," said the chiefs.

The wigwam was built by a lake, and it was made of the finest skins of the deer. It was a white wigwam, with the door left open. No one watched to see who should shut the door.

One morning the door was shut, and a strange white canoe was in the water. The people came out of their lodges, and soon the doorway of skins in the white wigwam was opened. Hiawatha had come to the Onondaga nation. His wigwam was on the shore of Tiota or Cross Lake, in the land of the Onondagas.

Heyanwatha means the Wise Man. Hiawatha the people call him now. He taught the Onondagas many things, for he had lived with the Great Spirit. He was sent to help the Indian tribes.

Hiawatha taught the people how to plant corn and beans. They learned much about planting, and they learned how to store food for winter time.

While he was with the Onondagas the runners brought word that a great band of warriors was coming to fight them. The young braves put on their war paint.

"Call a great council of all the tribes," said the wise Hiawatha. "Let them meet on the hill by the lake." It was Onondaga Lake.

Swift runners carried word to four tribes. Their chiefs and great braves met on the hill by the lake, and their wives waited with them. All the people waited for three days, but Hiawatha did not come to the council. The chiefs sent men to Hiawatha on the morning of the fourth day to ask why he made them wait.

Hiawatha answered: "The Holder of the Heavens has shown me that if I go to this council great sorrow will come to me. I was sent to teach you peace. I shall show you how to make war. I will come."

Then Hiawatha stepped into his white stone canoe, and it went to the place of the great council, where the chiefs waited.

All the great chiefs and the people shouted when Hiawatha came. He stood still in the council circle. His daughter stood beside him, but no one had seen her before. When her father looked at her she went to her place among the women.

The first day of the council the chiefs told their plans, and Hiawatha listened. The second day he arose in the council, and the people listened. Hiawatha said wise words. All the chiefs remembered the words of Hiawatha. He made this speech:

"My brothers: You are from many tribes. You have come here for one cause. It is to live in safety. We must join ourselves together. The tribes that are

on the warpath are strong. Not one tribe here is equal to that great people. Make yourselves a band of brothers. Then you will be stronger than they.

"The Mohawks that sit in council by that great tree shall be the first nation. They are the warlike people.

"The Oneidas who sit by the great stone that cannot be moved shall be the second nation. They are a wise people.

"The Onondagas that live at the foot of the great hills shall be the third nation. They are great in speech making.

"The Senecas who live in the forest, and whose trails are found all over the land, shall be the fourth nation, for they have much wisdom in hunting.

"The Cayugas live in the open country. Their wigwams are the finest, and their beans and corn grow like the grass on the plains. Their name is known for great wisdom; they shall be the fifth nation."

Hiawatha sat down in the council, and the third day the chiefs talked with one another; then they all said: "We will do this thing. We will be one nation. We will be called the Five Nations."

The council was ended. Hiawatha went to his canoe and called softly to his daughter.

As she left the women a great cloud came in the sky. It was a thunder-bird. The great cloud took the daughter of Hiawatha, and she was gone.

PUEBLO WOMEN GRINDING CORN

From a Photograph

The white stone canoe came to the landing place. There was music in the air like the wind blowing through the pine trees. All the sky was filled with the sweet music.

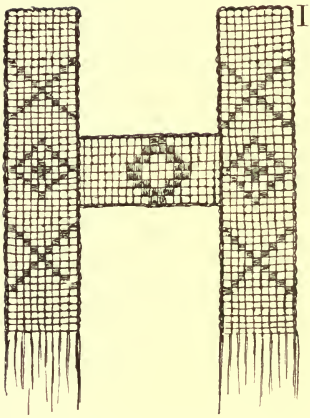
The people mourned for Hiawatha, for he was gone. His wigwam by the lake Tiota was empty, and he was never seen again.

The Five Nations say that he went to the Islands of the Happy Ones. Owayneo, the Great Spirit, called him. His daughter had gone before him.

The Five Nations were strong. They were a wise people. Many moons after the white men came the Tuscaroras sat with them around the council-fire. Then they were known as the Six Nations. The white people have often called them the Mingos.

Arranged from Schoolcraft and Horatio Hale.

IX. WAMPUM OR INDIAN MONEY



HIAWATHA was on his way to the country of the Mohawks. He went from one nation to another to teach them the things they needed to know. While on his journey he came to the borders of a lake. It was too deep to wade across, and he stood still thinking whether he should call his magic white canoe to help him or go back. He had come on a long trail and was very tired.

While he was wondering which way was best, the sky was filled with wild ducks. These birds flew down upon the lake and began to drink and to swim. In a few minutes they flew up into the air again, in one great black flock.

Behold! the lake was dry, and its bed was a mass of shells.

Hiawatha knew that the lake had been made dry ground for his sake. He gathered some of the shells

and, striking them with sharp flints, strung the pieces on strings of sinew. This was the first wampum.

He carried the strings of wampum to the Mohawks, and they believe their tribe to have been the first to use it.

They showed the other tribes how to make the long strings of bead money, and many bands went on strange trails to find the rivers or the lakes where the shells were hidden under the water.

Mounds like small hills have been found by the white men near lakes and streams. When these mounds were uncovered, it was known that they were only heaps of broken shells. The flint stones were not good tools, and the Indians would use only perfect beads.

X. LEGEND OF THE ARBUTUS

(Chippewa, 1894)

N old teepee stood by a frozen river in the forest where there are many pine trees. The tops of the trees were white with snow. The teepee was almost covered with the snow. An old chief sat in this teepee; his hair was like the icicles that hang from dead pine-tree branches; he was very old.

He was covered with furs. The floor of his teepee was covered with the skins of the bear and the elk. He had been a great hunter. His name was Peboan. Peboan was faint with hunger, and he was cold. He had been hunting for three days. He had killed nothing. All the moose, deer, and bear had gone. They had left no trail. Wabasso, the rabbit, had hidden in the bushes. There was no food, no meat for Peboan.

He called upon the great Menabozho for help.

"Come, Menabozho, come help Peboan, the chief of the winter manitous. Come, for Mukwa the bear has gone from me. Come, or Peboan must go to the far

north to find Mahto the white bear. Peboan is old, and his feet are weary."

Peboan crawled on his knees over the furs to the little fire in the middle of the teepee. He blew on the coals with his faint breath, and the coals grew very red. His breath was like a wind; the coals made the wind warm like a south wind. The deerskins that covered the teepee trembled like leaves, for the warm wind blew them.

Peboan sat on the furs on the floor of his teepee and waited. He knew Menabozho would hear him.

Peboan heard no sound, but he looked toward the door of his teepee. It was lifted back, and he saw a beautiful Indian maiden.

She carried a great bundle of willow buds in her arms. Her dress was of sweet grass and early maple leaves. Her eyes were like a young deer. Her hair was like the blackest feathers of a crow, and it was so long that it was like a blanket over her shoulders. She was small; her feet were hidden in two moccasin flowers.

"Menabozho heard Peboan, the winter manitou. He has sent me. I am Segun."

"You are welcome, Segun. Sit by my fire; it is warm. I have no meat. Sit down and tell me what you can do."

"Peboan may tell first what he can do," said Segun.

Peboan said: "I am a winter manitou; I blow my breath, and the flowers die. The waters stand still; the leaves fall and die."

Segun said: "I am a summer manitou; I blow my breath, and the flowers open their eyes. The waters follow me on my trail."

Peboan said: "I shake my hair, and the snow falls on the mountains, like the feathers of Waubese, the great white swan."

Segun said: "I shake my hair, and warm rain falls from the clouds. I call, and the birds answer me. The trees put on their leaves, and the grass grows thick like the fur of the bear. The summer sky is my teepee. Menabozho has said that the time has come for you to go."

Peboan's head bent over on his shoulder. The sun melted the snow on the pine trees; it melted the snow on the teepee. Segun waved her hands over Peboan, and a strange thing happened.

Peboan grew smaller and smaller. His deerskin clothes turned to leaves and covered Peboan on the ground.

Segun looked, but Peboan was gone. She took some flowers from her hair and hid them under the leaves on the ground. There was ice on the leaves, but it did not hurt the pink flowers. Segun breathed on the flowers, and they became sweet.

She said: "I go, but the flowers shall stay to tell of Segun's visit to Peboan. The children shall find them and know that Segun has sent Peboan away. It shall be so each time the snows melt and the rivers begin to run. This flower shall tell that spring has come."

Peboan's teepee was sweet with the breath of the flowers, but Segun was gone.

XI. THE ONE WHO LOVED HIM MOST

THE Great Spirit whispered to the heart of a warrior that he must go and seek the Happy Hunting Grounds. His squaw shed many tears when he told her. His children wailed loudly, for they knew no one ever returned from that journey.

"We will follow you on the long trail," said his squaw.

The warrior hid his arrows and his bow, put on the new moccasins that lay by his wigwam door, and started. Behind him followed in the same trail his squaw, his sons, and his dog. He sang the death chant, and their voices echoed the chant. The dog knew its meaning and howled for sorrow.

After a time the younger boy grew weary and hid himself. They did not miss the child, and he ran back to the wigwam, lay down, and fell asleep.

Soon the older son missed his brother. He said:

"I will go back and find Keweenaw. He is small; I will care for him."

The father and mother were not alone. The dog walked softly behind them. The warrior did not look back, but his squaw called to him: "I am here. I am strong. I will follow you to the gate of the Happy Hunting Grounds."

Then the trail became rough and steep. The wild cactus tore their moccasins. The thorn tree caught their blankets and tore their flesh.

The wife was weary and cried: "Let us rest. Let us wait." She fell on her face in the trail.

When she arose no one was before her. She said: "I will go and find our children; then I will come back to the trail and find my husband."

The warrior was now alone. No, not alone, for his dog, footsore and heated with the long journey, kept at his heels. His master had not known that he had followed. Now in the dark night his dog pressed his head against him to comfort him.

The trail led westward, but the morning sun cast no long shadows of the wife and children. They had not taken up the trail again.

And still forever toward the west went the two, the Indian and his dog. Moons and suns rose and set. At last, across the wide plains, he saw two great rocks, like tall trees. These marked the gateway of the Happy Hunting Grounds. Tired, sick, and nearly fainting with weariness, the Indian kept on his way.

Tired, hungry, and very weak, behind him came the faithful dog.

At the gateway the Indian raised his voice and cried: "I am here. The Great Spirit called me; I have come."

The watchman opened the gate and, taking the brave by the hand, led him past the two great rocks that held the wonderful gate.

"Where are those who were with you at the first?" asked the watchman.

"The way was long. Their feet were weary," was the answer.

"Who is this that stands watching you, with eyes that show the tears they cannot shed?"

"He who loved me best," said the Indian.

The watchman put his hand on the head of the hound. The dog gave a joyful leap, and the gates of the Happy Hunting Grounds shut both the Indian and his dog into the Land of Rest, from which there is no return.

XII. THE MARTEN AND THE WHITE RABBIT

(Micmac)

A WHITE rabbit ran away from town. He was afraid of the dogs, and the children pulled his ears. He found it was better to live among the animals in the woods, but he did not like to say so to them. He was always telling of the fine things he had left.

The wild rabbit is gray. The white rabbit said no one wore gray in town. The best people had white clothes and very fine; that was why his fur was so soft and like the snow.

"Ours was the best family in town," the white rabbit would say very often.

The marten is small and brown. His fur is worn by the best people, and he knows they think much of him. He could not understand why the white rabbit should think himself any better than a marten.

He met the white rabbit in the woods one day. They had a long talk, and the rabbit invited him to come to his heap of little dry bushes and eat dinner with him. He would answer any questions the marten would ask, because those who come out of a town always know a great deal. It is kind to tell what you know.

ADOBE HOUSES. PUEBLO CHILDREN NEAR KIVA

From a Photograph. (See account of "The Indians who live in Brick Houses.")

The marten was seen by the gray rabbits to brush his fur and wash his face and paws very carefully. They watched him go into the white rabbit's brush heap. The gray rabbits put their ears very far back and ran away. "The marten is wise, but he will know more when he comes home," said the ones in gray.

The marten ate with the white rabbit. He thought they ate too fast, but it was not polite to say so. He tried to eat like the rabbit and watched his mouth. After a time the marten began his questions.

"What makes the slit in your lip?" asked the visitor.

"My family in town all ate with knives and forks. My knife slipped and cut my lip," was the answer.

"What makes you keep moving your mouth and whiskers?"

"Because I am always planning and worrying. My family always worried. We do not think enough about what might happen out here in the country. Perhaps a great fire might come and burn up all these trees; perhaps the river may come and drown us. The birds make us forget these things. We are too happy."

The marten shook his head, but he said some grass had touched his nose. He did not want the rabbit to think him different from town people.

The two went out to walk under the trees.

"What makes you hop?" asked the marten.

"My family always hop. People in town never step along like country people. See how well I look and how clumsy that moose cow is over there."

Just then they heard a soft step on the brown pine needles; the marten flattened himself down on the ground, and his brown fur could not be seen. The white rabbit ran away with great jumps. He hid in the bushes.

The two animals met again that day. "Why did you run so fast?" asked the marten.

"I used to run races when I was in town. The boys and the dogs all played with me. Every one goes fast when in town. I forgot how slow the country people are."

The marten walked and ran by the rabbit's side.

"Why is it that your tail is so short and your ears are so long?" he asked.

"Every one in town wears something on his head. I wanted to be like the rest, and now I have long ears; but I have only a little ball of fur for a tail. It is all that was left when my ears were done."

The marten ran to the tallest pine tree. He climbed up where he could see the white rabbit and then he screamed, "I do not believe one word!"

The little gray rabbits heard him and laughed with the squirrels.

Educated Maine Indian's Story.

XIII. HOW LIGHT, FIRE, AND WATER FIRST CAME TO THE WORLD

(1894)

LONG time ago the only place where light could be seen was in the teepee of one old chief.

This chief had light, fire, and water. All the other Indians in the whole world suffered from cold and darkness and had no water.

All the Indians came to this old chief's teepee and begged for a little light. He would not give them any. The Indians went away and told the wild animals, and asked their help.

The animals and the Indians held a great dance around the old chief's teepee. They chanted songs and all begged for light. Each one sang his own song.

One young fox kept singing, "Khaih! Khaih!" which means "light." He believed it would bring light, and the men and the animals were helped, he was so strong. Their voices made a great noise.

At last a faint color was seen in the east. The old chief came out and drove the little light away.

Then the young fox called, "Khaih! Khaih!" louder than before. The men and the animals began again. They called and called for the light to come.

At last a little color was seen in the east again. The old chief had not slept. He was tired and he said: "You may have all the light you want."

Now the light comes every morning. Some of the animals still call for it to come before it is day.

A young caribou said that he would get the fire from the old chief's teepee. The Indians tied a great dry branch to his big antlers. The young caribou put his head into the fire teepee and tried to reach the coals, but he could not do it. The wise chief drove him away.

But when the old chief was driving back the young caribou, a muskrat crept into the teepee. He reached the precious coals of fire and caught one in his mouth. He ran back into the woods with it. Before he could reach his own burrow he had to drop the burning coal. It fell on the dry leaves and set the woods on fire. You can see now where the muskrat burned himself.

All the world had fire now, and there has always been enough since the muskrat dropped the first coal.

The fire melted the ice in the rivers and lakes. The light showed every one where to find water.

The old chief has never been seen since that time.

Hudson Bay Indian's Story.

XIV. HOW THE COPPER MOUNTAIN CAME TO FALL

(Portage Indians, 1894)

THERE is a noble priest who has long been a missionary among the Portage Indians, near the Lake of the Woods. He has won their respect, given them a written language, and taught them many of the white man's secrets; in return they have told him many of their stories and their secrets. They have told him why they no longer own copper mines, but must get copper from the Kaidahs, a stronger tribe.

This is the story:

Many moons ago the Indians living about Hudson Bay all went to a certain place in the west for their copper.

A great mountain of copper stood there, and it was in the middle of the water. The Portage Indians tell that each tribe wanted the mountain; at last, when many tribes were working together to get out the

copper, it was agreed to let one tribe own it; but which tribe? No one could tell.

It was left for the copper mountain itself to decide who should be its master. All the tribes began to shout for it to come to them. The mountain did not move for a long time.

At last it trembled; then the Kaidah Indians, who have big heads and loud voices, shouted louder than any other tribe. The top of the mountain fell toward the Kaidahs.

"And that is why we go and trade with them for the copper with which to make the rings we give our women and children," say the Portage or Carrier Indians of Manitoba.

XV. THE SUN AND THE MOON

(Dakota, 1894)

THE Day Sun has a twin brother that is white. He is not a strong warrior like the Day Sun, who is as red as war paint. The Day Sun can make an Indian fall down in the hot days of summer. The Indian is made weak by the arrows the Day Sun makes in the summer morning. Sometimes he lets you see these arrows. They are very long. They are around his head like the war bonnet of a very great chief.

The Night Sun is cold and cannot hurt even an owl. He has to do all the things his twin brother tells him to do. He is not strong, and he breaks to pieces trying to do so much. He hides his face and tries to go away, but he always comes back and is glad to start again.

The strong Day Sun comes every morning from the wigwam of Hannanna the Morning Light. This wigwam is made of the smoke of burning rivers. You can see this smoke go up from the water if you will sit still and watch. The Day Sun can burn up a little

river. He paints the smoke of the rivers with rainbows that have come and gone. They are saved to make the Place of the Morning Light so beautiful that men will watch for the coming of the Day Sun.

All the animals and the birds call to Hannanna in the morning to open the door of his wigwam and let the red light come. There is no war paint on the land that is as red as the Day Sun. When Hannanna has his wigwam by the water you can see more than when it is over the land. The Day Sun is happy by the water.

When the red warrior of the sky goes out of sight in the west he rides in a canoe behind the trees and hills to his place in the east. On his way he talks to the Night Sun. You cannot see the canoe of the Day Sun.

The Night Sun does not care if men see that he rides in a canoe like an Indian. He comes from the White Land in the east. He walks over the Bridge of Stars, the pathway of the spirits. The Night Sun helps the spirits that walk on this path to the happy Summer Land. He does much good.

The Day Sun makes the corn grow. He makes all the seeds and the trees grow when it is summer. The Night Sun has to take care of them when he is gone.

The Indians dance the sun dance when the Night Sun is round and white. He looks at the Indians and tells his brother of the dance. The Day Sun is glad to know that the Indians give thanks for his gifts to them.

XVI. CUSTER'S HEART

(Dakota, 1895)

THE red man remembers the brave paleface as well as the warrior of his own race and color.

The wild charge of Custer and his men and their utter defeat will be often told and retold in the wigwams of the tribes who fought him.

The Indians claim that the strange plant that is now found on the Custer battle ground has been created by some spirit which knew of the mighty courage of the white brave with yellow hair.

This plant is called Custer's Heart. It has long, slender leaves curved exactly like a saber; the edges of these leaves are so sharp that they cut the hand that attempts to tear them from the plant.

If you touch the plant you will feel a chill, for each leaf is cold. The blossoms come in the hot summer days. The flowers are heart-shaped and yellow as gold, with a center of scarlet that looks like a drop of blood.

But whoever plucks the flower must hold it gently, for if it should be crushed, the scarlet stain, the Indians claim, could never be washed away.

It may be that this flower is known only in the dreams of Indian braves, but the new legend shows how the memory of the brave general lives in the hearts of his red enemies. It shows that it is always in the heart of man to admire the brave deeds of another, even though the hero is an enemy.

This story tells us also that there are those among the red men who, while they may be dressed in paint, buckskin, and blankets, have thoughts like those expressed by the white man's poets.

WORD LIST

KEY TO MARKS OF PRONUNCIATION

a: fāte, făt, câre, ärm, a̤ll, pàss, wha̤t.
e: mēte, mĕt, whêre, hẽr, they.
i: dīne, dĭn.
o: nōte, nŏt, fôr, do̤, sȯn, wo̤lf.
u: tūbe, tŭb, tûrn, rṳde, pṳsh.
oo: so͞on, go͝od.
obscure sounds: a̤, e̤, i̤, o̤, ṳ.
c unmarked or ¢ as in ¢an.
s unmarked or s̤ as in ros̤e.
Silent letters indicated by italics, as *a* in he*a*d.

Ăz′tĕ¢
Căl′ĭ fôr′nĭ a̤
Cā nŏn′i̤ ¢ŭs
Champlain
(shăm plān′)
Chĕr ō kē͞e′
Chĭb′ĭ ä bōs′
Chŏk′ăn ĭ pŏk
Dĕl′a̤ wâr*e*
Ĕsh kŏs′sĭm
Flăt′hĕ*a*d
Gĕn e̤ sē͞e′
Ī′e̤ tȧn
Kȧ bĭb o nōk′kȧ
Kē′ne͡ū
Kē′wē͞e na̤w
Kĭ¢*k* a̤ pō͞o′
Kĭ măn′chē͞e
Kī′o̤ wȧ
Kwä′sĭnd
Louisiana
(lo͞o′ē zē ä′na̤)
Măs′sä soit
Mĕn dō′tȧ
Mī′ăn tō nō′mo̤*h*
Mĭs sä′bȧ
Nä′nä bṳsh
Nătch′ĕz
Nē nē mō′shē͞e
Ŏn ŏn dä′gä
Ō pē′chē͞e
Săm′ō sĕt
Sĕn′e̤ ¢a̤
Shĭn′gē bĭs
Skĭ kĕl′lĭng
Squän′tō
Tä ¢ō′mä
Tä*h*l ē quä*h*′
T chä′kō bē͞ech
Tē ¢ŭm′se̤*h*
Tō͞on kän′
Ŭnk tä′hē
Ū sä′mä
Wä bōs*e*′
Wäh bē gwän′nee
Wä păk′ō
Wĭn nĭ wĭs′sĭ
Yăn′nȧ här
Yŭ¢′¢ȧ

GLOSSARY

Ā dō′ be. Sun-dried brick used by the Indians and others in the southwestern part of the United States in the making of walls and huts.

Ăl gŏn′ quin (kĭn). A very large division of the North American Indians, including Ojibways, Delawares, Pottawottomi, Blackfeet, New England tribes, and some other branches. They were the friends of the French in the early colonial wars, and often the enemy of the Iroquois.

Ăm pā′ ta. The name of a squaw.

A păch′ ē. A warlike western tribe, related to the Tennay. Many of the Apaches were sent to a reservation in Arizona in 1874.

Căl′ u met. French name for pipe of peace.

Car′ i bou. American woodland reindeer, the flesh of which is excellent meat.

Cayuga (Kā yü′ gä). "The people of the marsh"; a tribe which once lived at the foot of Cayuga Lake, N. Y.; they are now living upon reservations in Indian Territory, Wisconsin, and Ontario, Can.

Cayuse (kī ūse′). Indian pony, formerly used by the Cayuse Indians of the northern Rocky Mountains.

Chaska (Shăs′ ka). First son of a Dakota Indian.

Chĭp′ pe wa. The Ojibway nation.

Dā kō′ tà. This name means "united." The Dakotas were strong tribes and were called The Seven Council Fires. Their home was in Montana, North and South Dakota, Minnesota, and the Northwest Territory. They belong to the Sioux nation.

Ĕs tu′ fä. Spanish name for the kiva, or secret room; also the family room in Zuñi houses.

Gitch′ ee Gu′ mee. Indian name for Lake Superior, the Big Sea Water.

Hăn năn′ nä. The dawn, or morning light.

Hĭ′ à quà. Siwash shell money, made of tusk shells; not wampum.

Hī a wäth′ a. A wonderful personage, still much honored by the Iroquois. He was very dignified, very wise, and believed to be more than mortal. There are no stories of his childhood.

Hī′ nun. The spirit believed by the Senecas to rule the clouds and air.

I̱ ä gōō. The boaster, the story-teller.

Iroquois (Ir′ o quoy). The French name for the united tribes of central New York. The Iroquois were the friends of the English in 1775. They are a division by themselves, akin to the Sioux.

Käcluge (Ka cloozh′). The Navajo butterfly spirit.

Kāi′ dah. A Canadian tribe.

Kiva (kee′ vah). The secret room or sweat-house of the Pueblos. The priests of the tribe use these kivas in giving instructions in the secret rites of their religious orders to the young men of the tribe.

Leel′ i naw. An Indian girl who became a tree, according to a Lake Superior myth.

Len i Len napes′. One of the Algonquin tribes. They were called Loups, or Wolves, by the French, as their chief totem was the wolf. The English called them Delawares, for they found them near the Delaware River. Their chiefs were celebrated for their wisdom. Their name is sometimes spelled Leni-Lenapes.

Lodge. An English name for a wigwam, teepee, or other dwelling built by Indians.

Mah′ to. The white bear.

Man′ i to̱u. A spirit, whether good or evil. All created things were once believed by some tribes to have their manitous which lived in them. The Great Manitou ruled over all of them. An Algonquin word not used by other nations.

Mechabo (Me sha′ bo). Another French form of the name of the Ojibway Foolish One. Also spelled Missaba, Mesaba; and there are some other similar forms. The Ojibways also give him a name which means the Great Hare.

Mē maing′ gwah. The butterfly.

Men a bō′ zhō. The French form of the name of the Foolish One of the Ojibways. He was believed to be the creator of the land after the deluge, and ruler of all creatures upon it. He is constantly doing many tricks to annoy the water manitous, who annoy him in return. The land creatures often attempt to outwit him; many humorous stories told of him by the Ojibways have become famous as a part of the story of Hiawatha.

Me̱′ sä. Spanish name for a broad, flat river-terrace or tableland.

Me tik′ o mēēsh. The oak tree.

Min ne hä′ hä Falls. A cascade sixty feet high in Minnehaha Creek, near Minneapolis, Minn.

Mo′ hawks. A tribe which lived in northern New York. Their name is derived from Mukwa, meaning "bear." They were the first tribe to use firearms.

Moki or **Moqui (Mō′ kee).** A tribe of the Pueblos. The United States government has recently decided to use the form Moki instead of Moqui. Their true name is Hōpitah, or People of Peace. Many call them the Hōpi. Moki is a Navajo word of reproach.

Mŭk′ wa. The bear.

Navajo (Nä′ vä hō). Spanish name for the Tennay, a very intelligent tribe of North American Indians now living on reservations in Utah, New Mexico, and Arizona.

Nĭb a năb′ as. Little water spirits, so called by the Chippewas.

No kō′ mis. Chippewa word, meaning "grandmother."

O jib′ ways. The Chippewa Indians. They are a strong tribe of the Algonquins, who, with others, have been driven by the wars with the Iroquois to the regions about Lake Superior. Many live on reservations in Minnesota and Wisconsin. From the Ojibways and other Algonquin tribes the whites learned to make maple sugar, hominy, and corn cake. They have for generations raised corn, beans, and pumpkins.

Olla (ol′ la or **ol′ ya).** Spanish name for the earthenware water jar commonly used in the southwestern part of the United States by Indians and others for the cooling of water.

Oneidas (O nī′ das). One tribe of the Iroquois.

Paw nee′. Indian tribe always at war with the Sioux; now living in Indian Territory.

Pē bō′ an. The manitou of winter.

Pu eb′ lo. Spanish name for village.

Puk wud jin′ nies. Fairies in the woods.

Sault Ste. Marie (Soo′ sent mä ree′). French name for the river which connects Lake Superior and Lake Huron.

Sē′ gun. The manitou of summer and spring.

Se-quoy′ ah. Guesser, a famous Cherokee Indian.

Shaw on dä′ see. The south wind.

Sioux (Soo). The French name for the people called by the Algonquins nadiwe-ssiwag, or the treacherous ones, from their manner of warfare. The Sioux nation comprised the Dakota and Assiniboin tribes; those Indians living in the middle west of the United States from the Rocky Mountains to the Mississippi River; and also many tribes in Virginia, Kentucky, North and South Carolina, and Mississippi. They are noted for bravery and intelligence.

Sī′ wash. *Sauvage.* Indians living near Puget Sound and northward.

Suc′ co tash. Indian corn and beans cooked in one dish.

Tä män′ ous. Siwash word for guardian spirit.

Tee′ pee. Indian circular house or tent made of poles covered with skins or cloth.

Ten′ nay. See *Apache* and *Navajo.*

Ti ō′ ta. A lake in central New York.

Tom′ a hawk. An Indian battle ax.

Tŭs ca ro′ ras. A tribe from North Carolina which joined the Iroquois in 1712. They now live upon a reservation in western New York, near Niagara Falls, and are noted for their fine farms, schools, and churches.

Wä bas′ so. The Chippewa word for rabbit.

Wau bē′ sē. The wild swan.

Wee′ di goes. Mythical giants. A Chippewa word.

Wick′ i up. A brushwood tent-like house used by the Apaches and other roving tribes. It is made of short poles or brush bent over, fastened together, and covered hastily with skins, blankets, or other covering. It is never carried from place to place as the teepee and wigwam are by other tribes.

Wig′ wam. A circular tent-like house made of birch bark or other bark by the New England tribes and others. It is easily rolled and carried from place to place.

Zuñi (Zoon′ ye). A semi-civilized Pueblo tribe, perhaps the best known of any of the Village Indians of the United States. They have a governor and lieutenant-governor of their own; good laws, good farms, and are a remarkable people. Very few of them can understand English.

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PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY

OF WORDS NOT FOUND IN THE GLOSSARY

Á rā′ bi an
Ăr i zō′ nȧ
Ăz′ tĕe

Cā nŏn′ i ₵us
Cham plain (shăm plān′)
Chĕr′ ō kēē′
Chib′ i ă′ bōs
Chŏk ăn′ i pŏk
Cō rō nä′ do

Dah′ min
Del′ a ware

Esh kŏs′ sim

Gen′ e sēē′
Goh weh (gō′ wāy)

Ī ē tän′
Il li nois (ĭl lĭ noi′)

Kā-ăn′-er-wäh′
Kä-bib′-ŏn-ŏk′-ka
Kan′ sōō kōō tay′ pe
Kā wey a (kā wī′ yä)
Ke neu (ke new′)
Kē′ wēē naw
K haih (k hāy′)
Kick ä pōō′
Kĭ măn′ chēē
Kwä′ sind

Lou is i a na (lōō′ e ze ȧ′ nȧ)

Man′ dan
Măs′ sā soit
Mī ăn′ tō nō′ mah
Mich a bo (mish ă′ bo)
Min′ go
Mis′ sis sip′ pi
Mo′ hawk
Mŏn däh′ min
Mō rā′ vĭ an

Nä mē′ si Sip′ u
Nä näb′ ush
Năteh′ ez
Nē nē mĭsh′ ēē

Oh weh (o′ way)
On on da ga (on un daw′ ga)
Ō pēē′ chēē
On she mä′ dä
Os′ sē ō
Ō wāy′ nē ō

Pâ poose′
Par′ lia ment
Pĕnn sўl vā′ nĭ a
Pôr′ e-ū pīne

Săm′ ō set
Sem′ ĭ nōle
Sĕn′ e e-à
Shin′ gē bĭs
Ski ka (skēē′ kà)
Snell′ ing
Su pe′ ri or

Tä e-ō′ mä
Tah′ le quah
T chä′ kō bēēch
Tē e-um′ seh
Tĕx′ as

Ū sä′ mä
Unk tä′ hē

Wah′ be gwan′ nēē
Wah kan′
Wah kan′ dēē
Wah kan′ Ä tē
Wah kan′ e on ton′ ka
Wä′ wä tāis′ sa
Wē′ enk
Win′ ni wis′ si
Wŭn′ au mŏn

Yŭe′ e-à

KEY TO USE OF MARKS

āte, târe, härm, tàsk, cạll; ēat, sĕnd, hēr; rīce, tĭll; ōver, ôr, dŏn; Ūna, ŭtter, ûrge; e as in can; ch as in chase; g as in get; sh as in she; th as in that; oi as in oil; ow as in now; o͞o as in cool; ēē as in feel.

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